THE AMERICAN WEST

COVER PAINTING FROM THE W. H. D. KOERNER STUDIO IN THE WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER.

The cover illustration for this issue, *Madonna of the Prairies* by W. H. D. Koerner, first appeared on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* of April 1, 1922, as one of the artist's illustrations for the Emerson Hough serial "The Covered Wagon," later made into the first epic western film. In his *Madonna*, Koerner portrayed the romantic ideal of western American womanhood. As Molly Wingate, youthful pioneer on the Oregon trail in 1843, she demonstrates beauty and nobility supported by self-reliance and the sweet strength to overcome hardships. Koerner's representations of western life (most of which were painted in his Interlaken, New Jersey, studio shown above) helped establish the view of the old West in the American mind. An account of Koerner's contribution to the popular western image, together with a selection of his dramatic paintings, begins on page 32.

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PERCHED ATOP a precarious outcropping in the Colorado Rockies, government surveyors George B. Chittenden and William H. Holmes use a theodolite to measure angles from a high mountain station in 1874. This watercolor by the geologist-artist Holmes reflects the dramatic boldness of individualistic competition among geological explorers in the American West before the formation of the United States Geological Survey. Since its creation in 1879, the Survey has helped to define the scope of earth sciences in America, moving from the technology of the last century to present-day use of data from satellites. For an account of the Heroic Age of American geological exploration, turn to page 4.

THE AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

PUBLISHED BY THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

September/October 1979 Volume XVI, Number 5

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THE AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by the American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation, and advertising offices are located at Suite 160, 20380 Town Center Lane, Cupertino, California 95014. Single-copy price: $3.00. Subscriptions: one year $15.00; two years $25.00; three years $35.00 (outside U.S. $1.00 extra). Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address; however, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.

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Second-class postage paid at Cupertino, California, and additional post offices.

THE HEROIC AGE OF WESTERN GEOLOGICAL EXPLORATION

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on the evening of March 3, 1879, the very same day that the measure had been passed by Congress, President Rutherford B. Hayes signed the legislation creating the United States Geological Survey. His action marked the end of more than ten years of intense competition within the federal government that more than matched the rugged individualism of American business in the gilded age. Though the U.S. Geological Survey would be dominated for the next fifteen years by one-armed Major John Wesley Powell, a rugged individualist if there ever was one, it became one of the largest and most effective federal agencies in the history of the nation. Until well into the twentieth century, when the rise of great science-oriented universities assumed some of the task, the Geological Survey virtually defined the scope of the earth sciences in America. The progress in geology in nineteenth century America, stemming largely from explorations, surveys, and dramatic discoveries in the far West, commanded respect from geologists all over the world and represented the nation's scientific "coming of age."

The origins, and what might be called the "Heroic Age" of the Geological Survey, were anything but tranquil. The stillness that descended over the country after Appomattox left a whole generation of young men keen with ambition—with what historian Henry Adams called "knives in their brains." The trans-Mississippi West beckoned as a great theater of opportunity. "What untold treasures must there be in the whole Rocky Mountain region" wrote the soon-to-be-famous, Yale paleontologist Othniel Charles Marsh in the summer of 1868. Other men of talent had similar thoughts at about the same time, and their paths would often cross even in the immense spaces of the far West. The creation of a unified Geological Survey in 1879 ended a period of rivalry between four important figures in the West and consolidated their activities: Clarence King,

John Wesley Powell, Lt. George M. Wheeler, and Ferdinand V. Hayden.

As early as 1864, young Clarence King, of Yale University, ambitiously wrote on the cover of his California Geological Survey notebook "The U.S. Interior Survey, C. R. King, Supt." He was twenty-two years old and fresh with the high adventure that he was to write about so lucidly in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.* Three years later, thanks to his friend, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, he was indeed chief of his own western survey, "The Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel," charged with the responsibility of making a detailed map and resource survey one hundred miles wide along the proposed route of the transcontinental Union and Central Pacific railroads, from the slopes of the Sierra to the Front Range of the Rockies. During the next ten years he did just that and a great deal more. King's romantic enthusiasm, his Ivy League manner, elegant derby and lemon-yellow gloves worn in the field, and his employment of a black manservant to wait table for him in the most godforsaken regions of the West belied the keen mind, gusto for real adventure, courage, and capacity for organizing large projects that made him a prototype of Teddy Roosevelt. Year after year he led parties of explorers, surveyors, geologists, artists, and photographers across the barren wastes of the Great Basin, over the Wasatch Range, and straight through the

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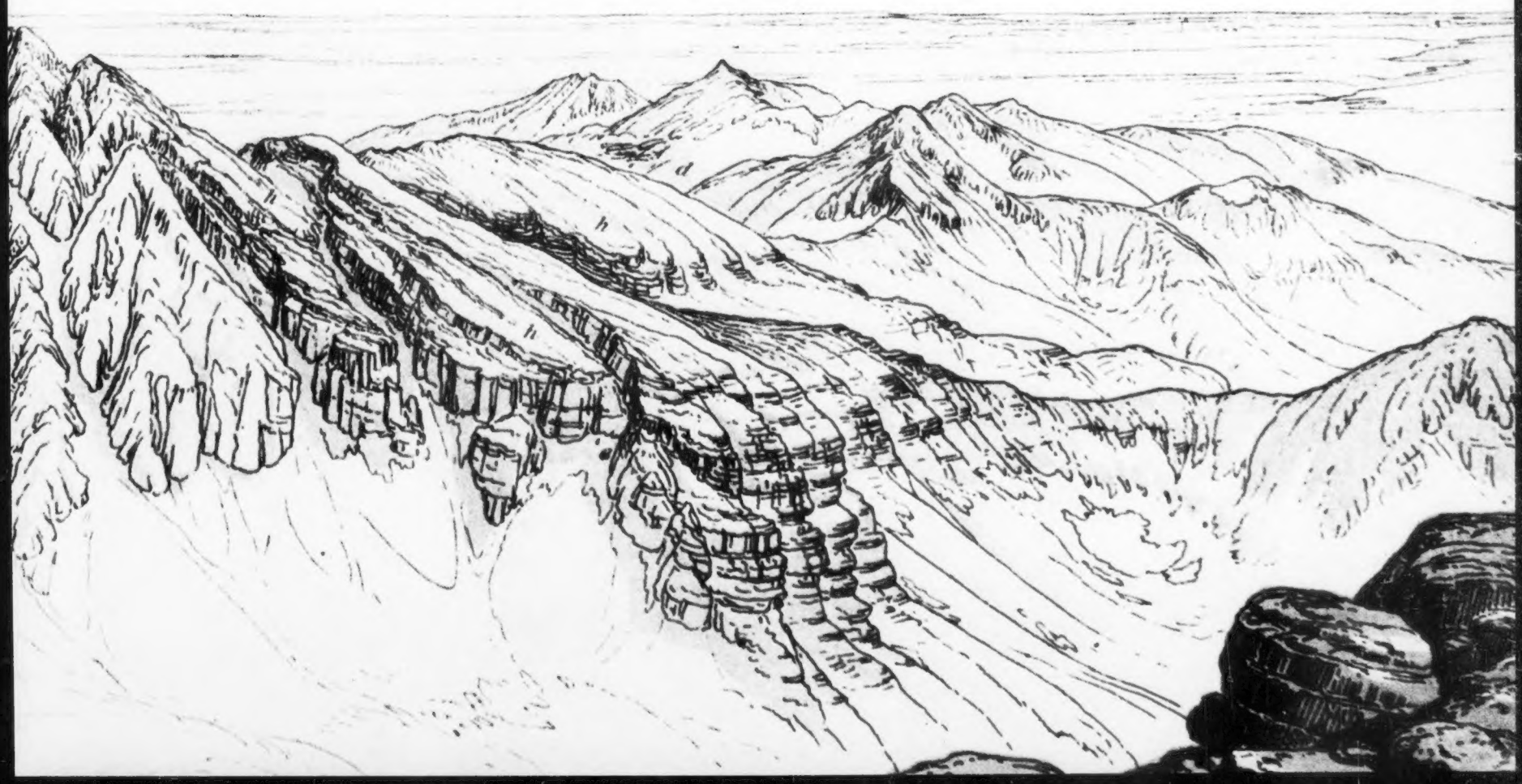
The grandeur of Colorado's La Plata range, here depicted by William H. Holmes around 1873, was matched by the ambition of four giants in the history of federally sponsored geological exploration in the American West: Clarence King, Maj. John Wesley Powell, Lt. George M. Wheeler, and Ferdinand V. Hayden. Their contributions affected every aspect of life in the West, from mining to cattle raising to farming. The following pages recount the height and resolution of their rivalry.

THE U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY AND THE MEN AND EVENTS THAT CREATED IT

"THE LA PLATA MOUNTAINS: VIEW LOOKING EAST FROM MOUNT HESPERUS," FROM THE GEOLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL ATLAS OF COLORADO AND PORTIONS OF ADJACENT COUNTRY BY F. V. HAYDEN, 1877. COURTESY OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY LIBRARY, U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA. COPY PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT H. COX.

by William H. Goetzmann



CLARENCE KING

Courageous, intellectual, brash, and elegant—Clarence King pursued an adventurous course in his scientific survey of the fortieth parallel during 1867–78. The efforts of this trained scientist resulted in important knowledge regarding landforms and mineral resources of a region stretching from the Sierra Nevada to the Colorado Rockies. Contrary to American agrarian tradition, King saw mining as the center of western development. In the photograph at right, he displays characteristic daring and self-confidence in his ascent of a western precipice.

Rockies. Struck by lightning atop a bald mountain, King laughed it off. And he loved combat, whether in a struggle with pistols with a hard-bitten army deserter or in a confrontation with an enraged grizzly bear in a darkened cave. Neither mountain tops nor alkali deserts nor the War Department, which sponsored his expedition, intimidated him. In fact, he emerged as one of the country's heroes as a result of exposing a great diamond hoax in the fall of 1872. Through astute deduction, King and his men located a secret mesa in the West that two unscrupulous men had salted with diamonds, then sold to San Francisco entrepreneurs, who in turn floated a $12,000,000 public stock company. King's exposure of the hoax, beyond saving thousands of small investors and the San Francisco Stock Exchange from disaster, also proved the practical importance of modern science to an admiring public and a grateful government.

And before his survey was terminated in 1878, King was responsible for remarkable accomplishment in both theoretical and practical science. The Survey's first publication, *The Mining Industry*, largely done by James D. Hague, was the definitive work on the subject. King even sent the great Civil War photographer Timothy O'Sullivan deep into the Gould and Curry Mine (part of the Comstock Lode) where, using magnesium flares, he photographed the dark and terrifying world of the miner. Except for one shot of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, these were the first photographs ever taken underground. King's survey also produced other important publications that were either innovative or exhaustive in their completeness. These include Ferdinand Zirkel's *Microscopic Petrography*, O. C. Marsh's *Odontornithes, or The Extinct Toothed Birds of North America* (warm-blooded dinosaurs?), Arnold Hague and S. F. Emmon's *Descriptive Geology*, James Terry Gardner's masterful *Atlas*, and King's own masterpiece, a reconstruction of the entire earth history of the West, modestly entitled *Systematic Geology*. But with all these weighty treatises, King never lost sight of the practical needs of a growing nation. He saw mining as the key to western development, and to this end he located and mapped the now all-important coal deposits of Wyoming, while his studies increased the yield of silver from the Comstock Lode from 66% to 93.7%. It is no wonder that his sedentary friend, the historian Henry Adams, called him "the best and brightest man of his generation."

THIS TITLE could have belonged as well to John Wesley Powell. In 1869 Major Powell, undaunted by the loss of an arm at Shiloh, took nine companions down the mighty Colorado River of the West where no man, not even an Indian, had ever gone before. His feat of daring electrified the nation and made Powell an instant authority on the West as well as chief of his own survey, "The Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region." Fond as he was of adventure, Powell was, like King, also a serious man. His two chief interests were structural geology, a branch of the science virtually created by him and the men of his survey, and the overall relation of people to the arid lands of the West. So serious about these questions was Powell that, on the order of a Lindbergh repeating his flight to Paris, he risked his life coursing down the Colorado a second time in 1871–72. Then he wrote about the trips as if they were one in an exciting book, *The Exploration of the Colorado River of the West* (1875). Read by most people as an adventure story, Powell's book actually revolved about the very large question of the earth-shaping processes that had created the rugged Colorado Plateau country which included everything from the North Rim of the Grand Canyon to present-day Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks and the Capitol Reef National Monument, and extended east and south to the Uinta Mountains and the Canyonlands National Park area. Powell believed that the key to the whole region was river drainage and erosion, especially that of the Colorado. He saw the river as antecedent to the uplifting of the massive plateaus. As the plateaus were raised, the sometimes meandering river cut faster and faster into them. As he put it in the account of his canyon voyage: "The river preserved its level, but mountains were lifted up; as the saw revolves on

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN, 1867.
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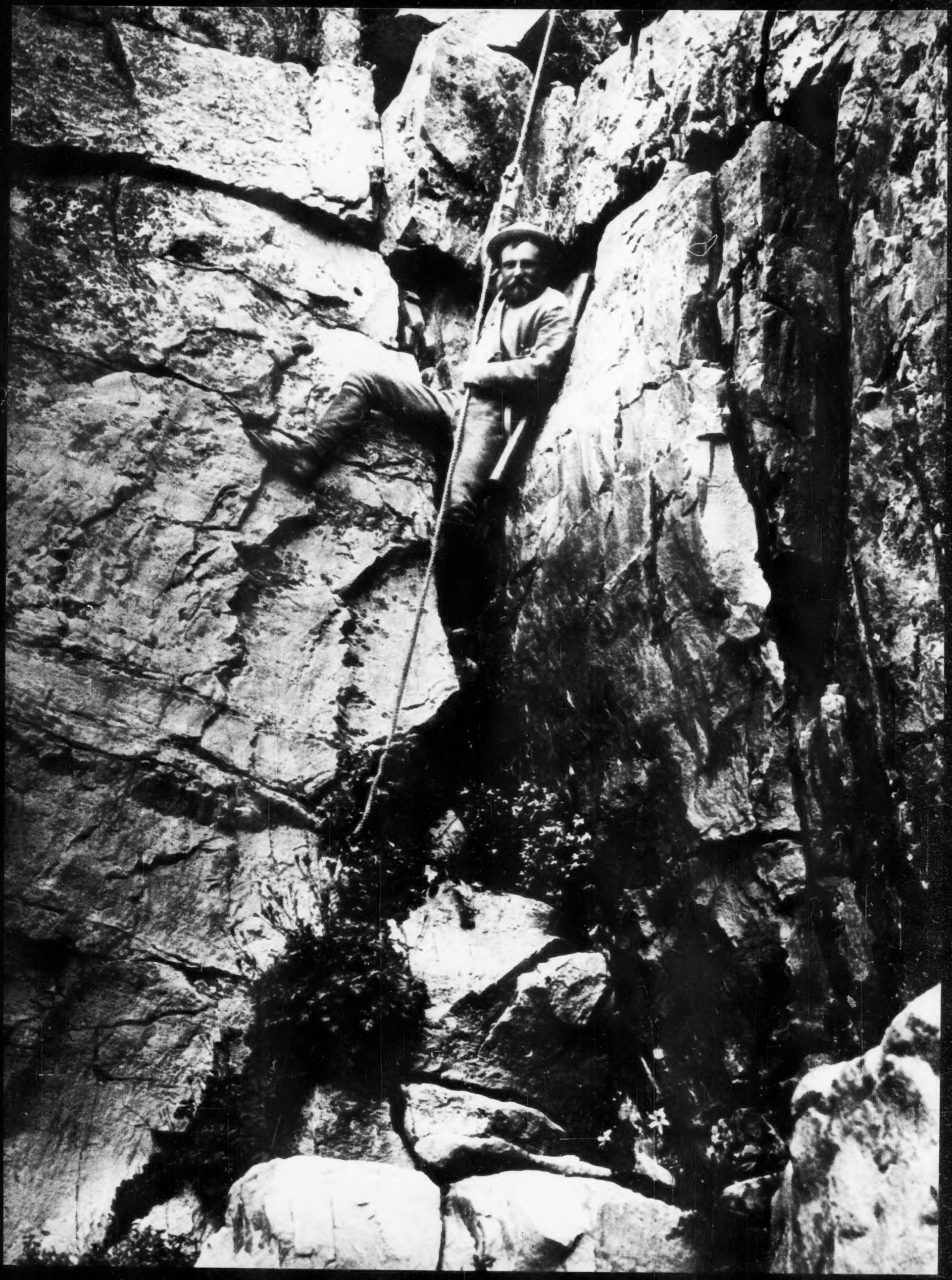


JOHN WESLEY POWELL

Civil War hero John Wesley Powell confers with an Indian guide during his pursuit of western water sources (opposite). Twice conqueror of the mighty Colorado River, Powell directed the survey of the Colorado plateau. As a result of his observations, he propounded theories explaining the formation of surface features by erosion. Powell understood the relationship between man, the arid West, and water, but his proposal to base western development on that relationship went unheeded.

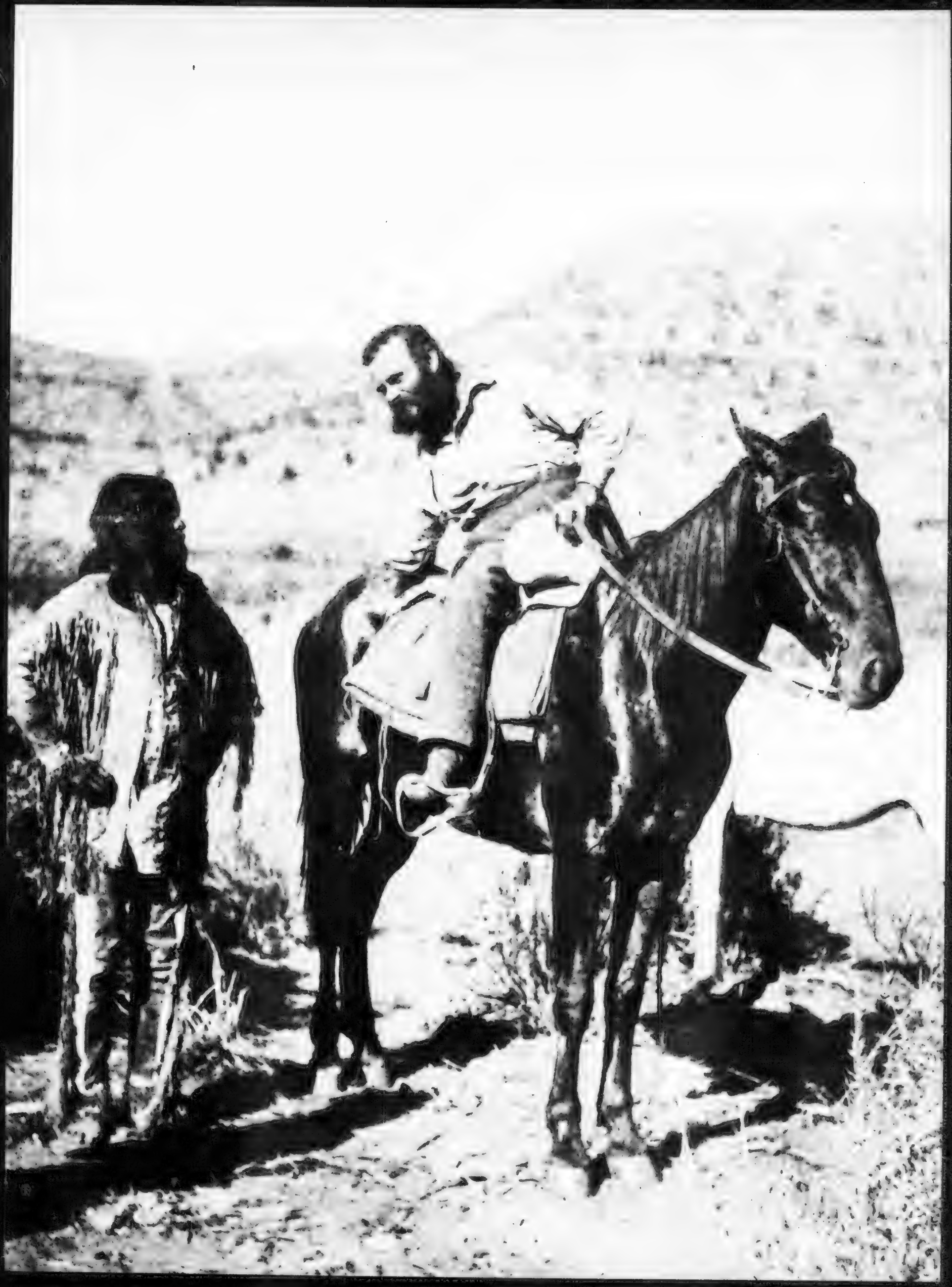
a fixed pivot, while the log through which it cuts is moved along. The river was the saw which cut the mountain in two." In 1876 he amplified upon this thesis in *The Geology of the Uinta Mountains*, but it took many years and the help of such colleagues as Clarence Dutton, Grove Karl Gilbert, and William H. Holmes before Powell was able to present a clarified picture of the plateau province as the product of a grand system of erosion. When the final reports written by Dutton, *Report Upon the Geology of the High Plateaus of Utah* (1880) and *The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District* (1882), at last came out, it was clear that Powell's persistent questioning had led to a model for erosion applicable the world over.* He and his colleagues had defined all the basic terms and processes.

Powell's other interest—the relation of people to the arid lands—grew out of his fascination and close association with the Mormons and the Indians of the plateau province. He eventually carried these interests so far that he established and became chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, which he headed until his death in 1902. It was the world's first government bureau exclusively dedicated to the science of man. But before all this came about, in 1878 Powell, with the very important help of Grove Karl Gilbert, published the American classic, *Report Upon the Lands of the Arid Regions of the United States*. In this powerful work, Powell argued that, due to lack of rainfall, the traditional 160 acre Land Office farm was inappropriate in the West. He called, rather, for classification of lands according to soil coverage and water availability. Farms could be as small as 80 acres, but ranching and grazing lands should be parcelled out in units as large as 2,500 acres. All water rights should inhere in the land. That is, no water company or greedy citizen should be able to monopolize water upstream. In later years he called for water-basin communities in which, through meetings of citizens, the resources of the region, especially water, could be shared. The Major's ideas directly influenced the Newlands Reclamation Act of 1902 and the formation of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the Great Depression. At heart, perhaps because he grew up on farms in Illinois, Powell was a Jeffersonian, and agriculture rather than mining loomed largest in his perception of the West. Great man though he was, his vision of mining, ranching and farming was frequently not shared by westerners, nor was his love for the Indian.

**See "The Scientist as Artist: Clarence E. Dutton and The Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District" and "Limner of Grandeur: William H. Holmes and the Grand Canyon" in the May/June 1978 issue of* The American West.

KING AND POWELL were by no means the only federal entrepreneurs in the West after the Civil War. Two others commanded great attention and, in the end, sparked the crisis that led to the creation of a single U.S. Geological Survey. One, Lt. George M. Wheeler, who graduated from West Point in 1866, longed for the prewar glories and fame of Capt. John C. Frémont. From 1871 to 1878 he commanded the army's "United States Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian." This was largely a topographical mapping project in which Wheeler first intended to cover the entire Southwest below the limits of King's Fortieth Parallel Survey as far east as the Great Plains. Eventually he planned to map the entire West in ninety-eight enormous quadrants in a system similar to that used by the Geological Survey today. But realizing that Powell, King, and others had already assumed more prominent roles, Wheeler was sidetracked into activities that could only be called a duplication of adventures. He restudied the Comstock, reexplored furnace-hot Death Valley, and captained a small fleet of boats up the Colorado River—nearly perishing in the process—to Diamond Creek in the Grand Canyon, a point reached overland by Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives before the war in 1857. For public relations, Wheeler took along two photographers on his surveys, William Bell and Timothy O'Sullivan, as well as the Boston journalist Frederick Loring. Unfortunately before he could get to the telegraph office at Wickenburg, Arizona, to announce the news of Wheeler's conquest of the Colorado in 1871, Loring was massacred by Apaches.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN K. HILLERS, 1871.
WESTERN AMERICANA COLLECTION, YALE UNIVERSITY.



GEORGE M. WHEELER

Emphasizing topographical maps for the military, Lt. George M. Wheeler, United States Army, set out to map the entire West. The army's neo-Frémont poached upon territories of other surveys, sparking a crisis between military and civilian control of western exploration. In this 1871 photograph, Wheeler (in checkered vest) and his party pose on the floor of the Grand Canyon during an ascent of the Colorado River.

So it went with Lt. George M. Wheeler as, year after year until 1878, he turned out maps (some seventy-one in all), annual reports, and large scientific monographs produced by his survey scientists. His work was little appreciated. The scale on his maps was too large to be of much help to General George Crook, then in desperate conflict with the Apaches, and they were seldom satisfactory to civilian scientists. His best men, Grove Karl Gilbert and Archibald Marvine, deserted the survey for work with his rivals. He was not in Henry Adams's terms "the Alcibiades or Alexander" of his age. In fact he was viewed as a poacher and a menace to the leaders of the other great surveys. He duplicated the work and invaded the domains of both King and Powell. Then in the summer of 1873 he attempted to resurvey an area of southern Colorado even while F. V. Hayden and his men of the Interior Department's "United States Geological Survey of the Territories" were working the same area. Like hostile cattle barons the two survey leaders and their hands confronted one another at Twin Lakes, Colorado. Each threatened to use his Washington influence to eliminate the other. Their angry letters to Washington so provoked Congress that all four western surveys were in jeopardy in the winter of 1874.

At that time the Townsend Committee of Congress became the focus for a desperate battle between military and civilian science. Something of the tone of that Armageddon was reflected in the letters of James Terry Gardner, Hayden's chief assistant. On May 13, 1874, he wrote to Josiah Dwight Whitney of Yale: "It is a great crisis for the science of the country. There must now be decided whether civilians who have devoted years to science are to direct the scientific work of the country." Later he informed the faculties of both Yale and Harvard, "We shall remember the friends that stand by in this awful struggle. The weak-backed men will be marked by the stand they take." The men of Yale were not pleased with this more or less direct threat, but in usual fashion they produced a protest against the military anyhow. Perhaps they were more impressed by King's urgings and Powell's misstatements that "there is not a single square mile of the Rocky Mountain region sufficiently accurate and in detail on the engineer maps that we could use for geological purposes." At any rate, when Yale saw that the Townsend Committee was not going to penalize the Wheeler survey, nor any other survey for that matter, it discreetly withdrew the protest letter. Embarrassed, certain powerful members of its science faculty began to resent Gardner's blackmail and Hayden's survey.

FERDINAND V. HAYDEN was the ultimate federal entrepreneur in the West. A man who looked a bit like the late actor Monte Woolley and who died tragically of locomotor ataxia, Hayden was one of the gilded age's most brilliant and most promotion-conscious scientists. He and Fielding B. Meek, an eccentric man who lived in a Washington bawdy house without knowing it, made geologic history before the Civil War. On dangerous expeditions to the Indian country in the Nebraska and Dakota Badlands and excursions to the Upper Missouri, they uncovered and carefully described an entire cretaceous horizon in the West. They also found so many fossil bones of larger animals that they provided their friend Professor Joseph Leidy of the University of Pennsylvania with the opportunity of writing two classics, *The Ancient Fauna of Nebraska* and a treatise on the evolution of the fossil horse. The latter was published the same year as Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* (1859) but was ignored due to the onset of the Civil War.

When Hayden emerged from four years of service as a doctor in the war, he once again turned to the West. In 1867 and 1868 he surveyed the economic resources of Nebraska; his reports were so glowing that the entire first printings were snatched up immediately. From that time on, Hayden knew he would be the businessman's explorer. In 1869, as head of the "United States Geological Survey of the Territories," he surveyed the high plains and the foothills of the Rockies as far south as Raton Pass, and then returned north to Denver via the great interior parks

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN, 1871
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

FERDINAND V. HAYDEN

Following service as a physician in the Civil War, Ferdinand V. Hayden enthusiastically promoted the wonderland of the West through his surveys of Yellowstone and the Colorado Rockies. Besides scientific data, Hayden's expeditions provided artistic portrayals of western scenery by painters Thomas Moran and William H. Holmes, and photographer William H. Jackson. In this 1870 view, Hayden sits hatless in the center of his party at Red Buttes, Wyoming. At far right is Jackson, who appears in his own photograph by means of a delayed-action shutter.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON
COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

of Colorado. The season of 1870 found him even deeper in the Rockies beyond Denver with the extraordinary western photographer William H. Jackson as one of his entourage. Another member of his party was Professor Cyrus Thomas who, out on the Great Plains, saw the definite applicability of the current European theory that rain followed the plow, or that arid regions when tilled and planted would actually draw more rain from the sky. The Dust Bowl of the 1930s was the bitter fruit of such speculations. Later on, Professor Thomas became head of the United States Entomological Commission, and predatory bugs became one of his many specialties.

When Hayden heard of the Washburn-Doane expedition to the Yellowstone region in 1870, he resolved to turn his attention in that glamorous direction. In 1871 at the head of a scientific cavalcade that also included photographer Jackson and the famous painter Thomas Moran, Hayden explored Yellowstone. He found a military party under Captains J. W. Barlow and D. P. Heap also exploring the region, but Hayden's report, accompanied by hundreds of stunning photographs by Jackson and paintings by Moran, so overwhelmed the public and Congress that Barlow and Heap's report remained forever buried in the government document series. In 1871 and 1872 Hayden touted and exploited the wonders of Yellowstone with its spectacular hot springs, roaring geysers, color-spattered mud fountains, deep cerulean-blue pools, burning rivers, and its own sublime Grand Canyon. While N. P. (National Park) Langford, an earlier explorer of the region, and the Northern Pacific Railroad worked assiduously and effectively behind the scenes, Hayden, with his generous distribution of Jackson's photographs, seemed to gain the major share of credit for the creation of the world's first national wilderness park by President Grant in 1872. More than any other explorer or survey leader, Hayden dramatized the West as a wonderland—a paradise for travelers. He created "the Tourist's West."

In 1873 because of Indian troubles that would lead to Custer's sad campaigns, Hayden turned south to survey Colorado. He actually intended to carry his survey all the way to the Mexican border despite Lt. Wheeler's known presence in the area. From 1873 to 1877, Hayden conducted a masterful survey of Colorado, the highlights of which were, of course, the confrontation with Wheeler's survey at Twin Lakes and the discoveries of the Mount of the Holy Cross and the lost Anazazi Pueblos of Mancos Canyon on the edge of Mesa Verde. The Mount of the Holy Cross, a towering peak in western Colorado with a snowy cross emblazoned across its face, became a symbol of the sublime wilderness to millions of Americans. Jackson, its discoverer, photographed it, and Moran, obsessed with it, painted it many times.*

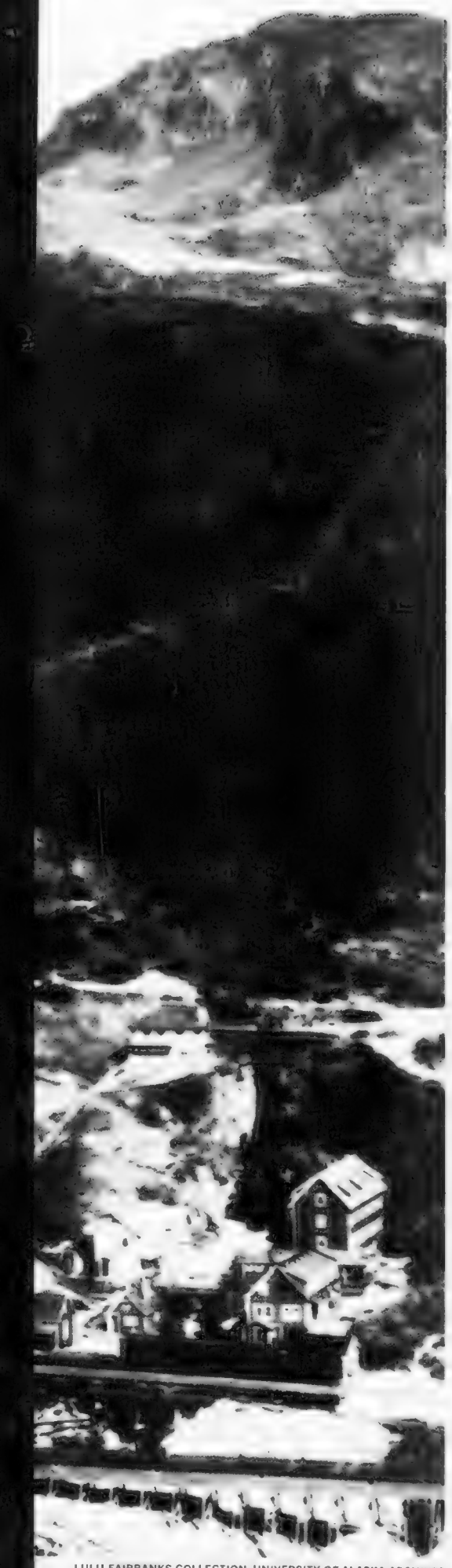
In southern Colorado, Hayden's parties were chased and besieged by hostile Ute Indians, but Jackson and William H. Holmes, guided by an old prospector, Capt. John Moss, discovered, explored, mapped, illustrated, and photographed the exotic cliff dwellings of Mancos Canyon. In 1876 they covered the whole Southwest, examining cliff dwellings. Holmes was so moved that he switched his energies to ethnology; he eventually became the foremost anthropologist in the country and Powell's successor as chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology. The Colorado survey produced spectacular results, but Hayden was running afoul of too many rival explorers. He had blatantly resurveyed the country covered by King's fortieth parallel survey; there was the unpleasantness with Wheeler; and finally, upon feinting towards the Colorado, he had trespassed on Powell's territory. Government service was beginning to be as cutthroat and wasteful as the railroad, mining, and cattle industries. When Major Powell complained, Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz gave him his choice—ethnology or geology. Powell chose ethnology. Hayden was left with geology and sent north to survey Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho in 1877. But the confrontation generated the crisis of 1878 which led to the creation of a unified national geological survey.

WHEN HE CHALLENGED HAYDEN, Powell knew he was fighting for the life of his survey. No longer was his friend General Grant in the White House. Instead, the reform and retrenchment administration of Rutherford B. Hayes held sway. Congress was aroused. In the spring of 1878, concerned about waste and duplication in the western surveys, the House Appropriations Committee ordered Powell, Hayden, and Wheeler to submit reports on their activities. Powell was ready for the showdown. As early as the spring of 1877 he had been using the geologist John Strong Newberry as a conduit to congressmen such as Abram Hewitt of New York and James Garfield of Ohio. Moreover, Newberry was a personal friend of President Hayes. In letters to Garfield and to Hewitt, who chaired the Appropriations Committee, Newberry described Hayden as "a fraud" who had "lost the sympathy and respect of the scientific men of the country." On the other hand he described Powell and his team as "men of first rate ability."

Powell and Hayden's reports to the Appropriations Committee soon proved Newberry correct. Hewitt suggested that the matter of the possible unification of the western surveys be turned over to a special committee of the National Academy of Sciences. The acceptance of this proposal meant doom for the Wheeler survey and the army, and it did not bode well for Hayden. In May of 1878 Othniel Charles Marsh of Yale, a friend of both King and Powell, became president of the National Academy, due to the death of Joseph Henry. In addition to his friendship, especially with King of whose survey he was a member,

Continued on page 59

See "The Quest for the Mount of the Holy Cross" in the March/April 1979 issue of The American West.



LULU FAIRBANKS COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA ARCHIVES

KENNECOTT

by Melody Webb Grauman

REMOTE, ISOLATED, and nearly forgotten, the small company-town of Kennecott perches on an Alaskan mountainside overlooking the merging of two glaciers. Unrelenting summer winds and winter snows whip through paneless windows while thick underbrush thrusts up through rotting floors. The forest and creek, once contained by man, creep back to reclaim the land. Deserted forty years ago, these numerous and massive structures unfold their own story to visitors.

The perpetually snow-mantled Wrangell Mountains tower to the north and east. Therefore, one arrives from the west. Hardy folk attempt the jarring eight-hour approach in a four-wheel-drive vehicle along the abandoned grade of the Copper River & Northwest Railway. There are streams to ford, landslides to shovel around, mud holes to winch across, and a final six miles to walk. Less adventurous visitors charter a small plane in Anchorage and, weather permitting, arrive in less than three hours. The combination of scenic grandeur and abandoned technology creates an unusual synthesis.

The unusual characterizes Kennecott's history. Its name, synonymous with copper, arose from a clerical misspelling of nearby Kennicott Glacier, named for pioneer Alaskan explorer Robert Kennicott. Its yield, probably the highest grade in the world, represented a unique occurrence of unoxidized copper ore that smeltered without chemical processes. Its mines supported an international copper conglomerate, Kennecott Copper Corporation. Its ammonia-leaching plant dramatically advanced mining technology. And its role in the Ballinger-Pinchot affair indirectly contributed to the downfall of a president of the United States.

Yet before 1900, no one knew that a copper bonanza lay buried in mountains that thousands of argonauts bypassed in the 1897–98 rush to the Klondike. During a lunch break in August 1900, two prospectors observed an unusual green patch high on a mountainside near Kennicott Glacier. Although jokingly calling it a mountain-goat pasture, they investigated and discovered an outcropping of immensely rich copper ore.

Learning of the discovery, an aggressive, young, New York mining engineer, Stephen Birch, convinced wealthy friends to help him purchase the claims. In 1906, assays of 76 percent copper compelled the Guggenheims to merge with J. P. Morgan, form the Alaska Syndicate, and purchase the claims from Birch. To facilitate development, they financed the Copper River & Northwest Railway. Horses or dog teams during the winter and steamboats in the summer carried supplies, equipment, and men needed for the mines and railroad construction. Engineers tackled the problem of bridging the raging Copper River and two massive glaciers. After four and one-half years and $20 million, the railroad joined the coast with the mines.

The Alaska Syndicate did not limit itself to mines and railroads. It dabbled in local Alaska politics. Suddenly and unwittingly, the syndicate found itself enmeshed in a national uproar. Needing coal to fuel its locomotives and smelters,

Continued on page 58

Nestled on a slope beneath the Wrangell Mountains in Alaska, the company-town of Kennecott enjoyed boom years in the production of high-grade copper ore during the first quarter of this century. Except for partial dismantling of some buildings and encroachment of the forest, the now-deserted village still closely resembles this view of Kennecott in its heyday of the twenties.

THE GIFT OF HISTORY

CHESTER MACK'S STORY

Well, my grandfather, he told me that they settled what they now call "Tick Valley." And at the time he came there they had landed late in the evening. They thought, "Well, this is a nice valley and a good place to feed the horses and rest. We'll camp here for the night." So they did. The next morning they got up and had breakfast and looked all around them and he told Grandma, he says, "Honey, I think this will be our home."

Chester Mack might have begun his story of early California any number of ways, like "Back in the 1850s" or "There was this valley." But he didn't. In his simple, unaffected choice of a beginning—"Well, my grandfather, he told me"—is a subtle reminder of what history really is. With his very first words, Chester calls up his past, creating for himself and for his listener a comforting sense of continuousness. Our own history, he also reminds us, is to be found in the memories of those closest to us, with whom we've grown up. The voices of our history speak, not in the practiced language of the historian, but in the vernacular of the settler and the accents of the immigrant.

History is really getting back in touch. Now that he's reached their age, Chester finds in his grandparents something of himself. So, there is a naturalness in the way he assumes the words and thoughts of his grandfather. In remembering and retelling our ancestors' experiences we are actually going back to where we came from. Our reward is not so much a sense of "history" (whatever that is) as a sense of who we are. The years go by, and no matter what turns our life may take, those experiences are ours to reach back to and grab hold of. It is nothing intellectual, nothing consciously thought out. Rather, the overwhelming feeling which comes from evoking the presence of grandma and grandpa is usually one of warmth, of belonging. Even if what we find there as we reach back is terrifying and sad, we are brought in touch once again with strengths that allowed a generation to endure. These feelings of belonging are part of the magic thread of consciousness that brings distant generations in touch. We call it simply "our history."

History, and the feelings it brings, is a gift. The elders' gift to the children of their history was once a real part of raising boys and girls. In Chester's day—he was born in 1899—talk of the past was more than just congenial conversation among adults with the children listening in. It was a potent rite in which magical powers were passed on to the young. It was not self-conscious instruction, mind you. Nor was it written in any formal way. Oh, some history might reside in grandma's diary brought out after all these years to be shared with a granddaughter. And important dates dutifully entered into the family bible over the years might need be consulted by a failing memory. But grandma and grandpa Mack were most likely people of very few written words. Like most of us, they preferred to talk. Family history—the antics, the adventures, the fate of your kin—was what conversation invariably turned to at summer picnics, the quiet hours after a wedding, a long train ride, a funeral, family gatherings, or just a walk on a hot summer evening.

Still, for our grandparents this history was something of a responsibility, a pleasant enough way to pass the

LIVING, VIBRANT HISTORY AWAITS YOU, AS CLOSE AS YOUR

DAVID WEITZMAN

time with an inquisitive child, but, nevertheless, a responsibility. I grew up that way. There was nothing deliberate about our evenings with worn albums of snapshots and family talk; it was very natural. But there was an aura about it, a sense of doing something important. It was, for as long as I can remember, and still is a part of the family coming together after long absences. I think I know why Chester's feeling for the past, well over a century of it, comes to mind as naturally as his name. For him, it's just like the old land in Tick Valley. "It's always been in the Mack family, up and down the family, from Grandpa to Grandma to son, and from son to brother and brother to brother and on down." That's the way it used to be. And it wasn't so long ago that we can't pick up the thread again. That's what we're about to do.

A SEARCH FOR THE PAST

All my life as a kid, I've always been interested in something where you could pull a little throttle and just exert tremendous power. Of course in those days railroads were romantic things. Really! You went fast and you went far and all that stuff which was something that most kids thought was marvellous.

The child's interest in the past is part of a search. It often begins in wonderment that mom and dad, even grandpa and grandma, were once children too! The years of childhood are in some ways the best of our years. And when we share our past, it is with these years that we instinctively begin. Ray Scammon's taped remembrances began that way. He was but a boy when he got his first job in a blacksmith shop. Then he went to work on the railroad.

I really had a job. *That was big stuff. All the kids wished they could say they had a job like mine. I got two and a half a day. That was good money but I worked from five in the afternoon 'til seven o'clock in the morning . . . in the roundhouse in Ukiah. It was owned by Southern Pacific but it was called the Northwestern Pacific. Well, I often think about it. When I compare it with today, the kids are still not half through school at the age that I took charge of three locomotives. Kept up the steam. Kept 'em clean and all that. Worked all night. Was there at the roundhouse all by myself. Just a kid. I'd have 'em ready to go in the morning when it was time for them to go out. It wasn't hard to keep up the steam. You had to watch it. You had to keep the water up in the boilers. You were fully responsible for those locomotives all night. The strange thing is that I fired the last wood-burning locomotive that ever went down the road. It just happened to be—not because I was anything special.*

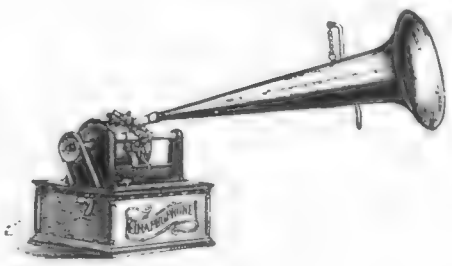
The work of those days was more than just work, it was a way of life. A job begun as a youngster often became the work of a whole lifetime. Ray became a fireman—"I was just a kid." We've forgotten now, but Ray

Photographs below: Aileen Schaeffer shares reminiscences of her family's gold rush heritage with an amateur oral historian in Mendocino County, California. She was one of one hundred and fifty individuals interviewed during a county-wide oral history project.

HOMETOWN, YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, OR YOUR OWN FAMILY.

CULVER PICTURES

RECORDING YOUR GIFT OF HISTORY



What would it be like to hear the voices of your great-grandparents, telling their stories, singing, reciting a favorite limerick, laughing, speaking in old-country accents, just carrying on? It wasn't possible then. It's easy now.

Cassette Recorder: The simpler the better. But, there are some features you'll want. Built-in microphones don't have to be set up, and there are no scary wires and paraphernalia to inhibit the mood. Microphones should be omni-directional to catch the voices of a group. Automatic volume control raises and lowers the recording level to compensate for louder (closer) and softer (more distant) sounds without your having to worry about it. Also, you won't have to make tests to determine recording level for each situation. A digital counter is a must for making a tape index (see below). A pause button makes it easy to start and stop the tape for interruptions or, later, when you're playing back for transcription.

Tape Talks: Begin with informal, comfortable sharing. Remember that, for some future generation, the mood will have as much appeal as what's being said. Set up your recorder at family gatherings, reunions, wedding receptions, birthday and graduation parties, a retirement party or holiday dinner, where the sharing of the past usually happens and happens naturally. Sending around a batch of old snapshots (which, of course, you just happen to have) really gets things going. And keep track of the order in which those photos go around, especially "mystery" photos. You'll then have spoken captions as well.

Tape Talks, Take 2: Spontaneous tapes with a lot of sharing also raise a lot of questions. Here's where you start thinking about talks with individuals on specific subjects. Write down the questions that come to mind (but give the speaker a lot of space). You may want to pin down some dates, trace a particular ancestor, get a detailed description of a skill, clarify a sequence of events, or just let them talk some more. At the end of each session ask for the spelling of names and places. Write on the cassette label the name of the person(s) with whom you are talking, the date, and the place. Do it now!

Protecting Your Gift: Prevent accidental erasing. Look on the back of the cassette (opposite the tape opening), and you'll see two U-shaped slots. If you pry out the center of each U, the tape cannot be accidentally erased or recorded over (but a little plastic tape allows you to do it deliberately). Store your tapes in a cool, dry place. Keep them all together in a substantial, dust-proof box along with their index.

Tape Index: What usually starts out as a couple of tapes turns into an oral history project. So, be prepared. Assign a number to each cassette. Enter this number and the tape contents in a little notebook. A great activity for a younger historian is to make a tape index. With the tape at its beginning, set the digital counter to 000. Then, as you listen to the tape, record the number each time a new subject or something you're interested in comes up, on a notebook page. Your index might look something like this:

000 Description of Claire and August Weik's farmstead, Montana, 1902.
023 Grandpa Weik's first experience with a steam tractor.
051 Recollections of the Weik's first visit to the "big city," Crest Falls, 1903.

The Gift of History: There are places now where cassette copies can be made two or more at a time in seconds. Send your duplicate tapes, each with a copy of your index, to those with whom you'd like to share the gift of the past.

Further Reading: It was to the beginning family historian that I addressed "Historian Everyman" in *Underfoot: An Everyday Guide to Exploring the American Past* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976), suggesting simple, engaging oral history techniques to be used within the family setting. Oral history is a natural way to get children involved in the lives of grandparents and great-grandparents, and there are projects for them, too, in *My Backyard History Book* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1975). If your family history gets out of hand and you find yourself doing a community oral history project, you'll want to read Willa K. Baum's *Oral History for the Local History Society* (Nashville: American Association of State and Local History, 1971). Here are chapters on starting a program, conducting interviews, transcribing, and the indexing, storage, and preservation of large tape collections. An exemplary community project, from which many of the selections in this magazine article came, is *Mendocino County Remembered: An Oral History* by Bruce Levene, William Bradd, Lana Krasner, Gloria Petrykowski, and Rosalie Zucker (Ukiah, Calif.: Mendocino County Historical Society, 1977).

is right, there was romance in the work. I felt that way, too, about railroad engineers and firemen and steam locomotives. And I felt that way about my father's pharmacy which was always a magic place for me. That was in the 1940s, not long ago. Amidst ceiling-high shelves lined with bottles bearing mysterious Latin names, my father actually formulated medicines then. Like all pharmacists of his generation he made as well as dispensed medicines. He stirred together the ingredients of salves on an opal-glass slide. He mixed chemicals that became tonics and cough syrups. He blended powders, deciphering the doctor's Latin prescription, and put them into empty gelatin capsules. He pressed powders into pills. Far from the dispensing pharmacies of today, my father's was a laboratory. For sure, our parents and grandparents knew how to do things with skillful hands that few people—our children and grandchildren—can dream of.

Countless interesting jobs have all but disappeared in two, three generations at the most. Old business directories, the Yellow Pages of older times, reveal the extent of this loss. Published annually in many cities, they listed every kind of work (and might, by the way, include an advertisement for some ancestor's shop or business). Looking through some old directories from the 1880s and 1890s, I found hundreds of goods and services which vanished quickly after the turn of the century. There were notices for clairvoyants and conjurers, coopers and cork cutters, bell founders and button-hook makers, fresco painters and feather renovators, jugglers and japanners, model makers and mustard pressers, salt casters and saw gummers, tachigraphy teachers and turners. But where have all the gold beaters and harness makers, maltsters and razor-strop makers, ship-bread bakers, slaters, wharfingers and blacksmiths gone? And the tinners, are they all gone too? Not at all. They are still among us. Some work in shops opened years ago, the tools and machinery they used still around somewhere. For others the work is in their memories. James O'Donnell recalls in so much detail after all these years his work in a plumbing shop in 1901.

I was twelve years old and worked in a plumbing shop right next door to my house. I would go there and clean pipe wrenches and sweep up the floor. They were kind of tin shops in a way. Not like the plumbing of today. Most work was pumps and windmills. Everybody had a pump or a windmill. Then we had to make a lot of lanterns. All these wagons and barns had a lantern, kerosene. And tin cups and tin dippers and water buckets. . . . We made stovepipe. All these stores and schools had a big stove and there was miles of stovepipe used. It had to be rolled by hand and crimped by hand and seamed by hand. There was bathtubs. Sometimes we'd make zinc bathtubs. You had to roll it and it had a pattern and it had to be soldered. Then there were milk pails and cans.

Much of this skill is in danger of being lost. Yet, recorded from still active memories, the work of the past can stay alive. Does it interest your children and grandchildren? My experience with kids, as a parent and a teacher, is that they are charmed by any kind of handwork. And there's good reason, if you stop to think about it. Where do they ever see work being done? In times past, every neighborhood had small shops like the plumbing shop next to James O'Donnell's place. There were storefront businesses and street markets where the work was out in the open for all to see. A walk to school in those days was an adventure in work. It was actually a long time before the effects of the factory system were fully felt in America. Small shops where handwork was done lasted well into my youth. There was a time when fathers and mothers took children to work with them. And those were times, too, when the family business might be no farther than the backyard or out in the barn. Our children have been deprived of this. And today parents are sometimes disappointed when their children decide to "go to work" rather than continue their schooling. It's not the quest for instant gratification we sometimes assume it to be. Too much work and training and practice is involved for that. What's happening is that children are attracted once again to the crafts and trades of their grandparents' and great-grandparents' generations. There was something about handwork, even hard work that children of the machine age still seek. C. J. Mathison recalls the work he did as a young man with a satisfaction undimmed these many years.

I've got a record for hewing more ties than any man in Humboldt or Mendocino County. I hewed 135 in one day. I made 4,000 ties for the old company. Mine were the best ties in the camp of thirty-five men. They had three inspectors from San Francisco come up there to inspect the ties and they took mine. They were hewed right and all about the same size. They couldn't be off more than a half-inch undersize. And that's not very much. I got a broadaxe with a sixteen inch bit. That's what I used to hew ties with. That's my favorite. I used to hew 100 ties right along and there's not very many broadaxe men that ever did. A good day's work. That's a big pile of ties. And more than half of them were seven by tens, eight feet long.

OUR COLLECTIVE MEMORY

"The mind is a funny thing. Why in the world do I remember such a thing as that? But it stuck." Like Ray Scammon, most of us are amazed at how much of our lives and the lives of those before us has "stuck." All we have to do is start talking. What we talk about has nothing to do with reading or even having actually been there.

Continued on page 62

A GLIMPSE AT NINETEENTH

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, has a history marked by a long series of hopeful beginnings and subsequent pauses. Its story begins with Cabrillo's claim of this territory for Spain in 1542 and Fr. Junipero Serra's establishment of the first California mission there in 1769, followed by the leisurely growth of early San Diego, now known as Old Town.

Located in a remote coastal area, distant from established commercial centers and overland trade routes, San Diego continued to develop slowly during the early years of American rule. A period of rapid growth began in 1867, however, with the arrival of Alonzo E. Horton, an entrepreneur from Wisconsin. Acting on his avowed purpose of building a new San Diego about four miles south of the existing village, Horton persuaded local officials to hold an auction at which he bought almost a thousand acres of pueblo land at an average cost of twenty-seven and one-half cents an acre. Much of that land is now San Diego's central commercial district.

Horton saw this corner of the country as a heaven-on-earth with its magnificent harbor and climate. Though most new San Diegans arrived via coastal steamship, much of the settlement's impressive growth resulted from Horton's promises that a railroad would soon reach town. By 1873, his new San Diego had grown to over one thousand homes and buildings with a population of some four thousand citizens.

During the last third of the nineteenth century, San Diego experienced alternate booms and busts, with the

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Photographs on this and the following eight pages have been selected from a 140,000-image collection of San Diego views assembled over a thirty-year period by the Union Title Insurance and Trust Company. Earlier this year the company donated its entire collection—one of the most comprehensive bodies of visual history of its kind anywhere—to the San Diego Historical Society.

CENTURY SAN DIEGO

by Larry & Jane Booth

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS PORTFOLIO ARE FROM THE TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COLLECTION, SAN DIEGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Above: Looking north from I Street, J. A. Sherriff photographed the heart of downtown San Diego in 1887, at the bustling peak of one of its boom periods.

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city's growth fluctuating both because of national economic conditions and dependence on transportation links with the outside world. The long-awaited Texas and Pacific Railroad never materialized; by mid-1873 this dream was abandoned, leaving San Diego's citizens in shattering disappointment. The depression that followed was not broken until the start of the California Southern Railroad in 1881.

Once construction of the railroad was assured, San Diego began to grow again. Completion heralded the coming of hoards of visitors eager for sunshine, new land, and new ways of life. This great boom from 1885 to 1888 swelled the city's population to almost 40,000 at its height. Large parts of the city were subdivided and sold at auction. Major buildings were erected, a streetcar system established, flumes and dams constructed to assure adequate water, rail lines to outlying communities laid, and arc lights on tall masts built to illuminate the city by night. San Diego was abruptly transformed from a small, sleeping town into a vital city.

But the region could not long sustain this level of activity without corresponding strength in industry, agriculture, and shipping. Experiencing the national economic depression of the 1890s, the city had to mark time for a while. Even during that hard decade, fortune seekers, as well as those already wealthy, continued to move west and to become the city's shakers and doers. San Diego learned what its own special assets were while awaiting the next boom at the beginning of the twentieth century. **AW**

Larry and Jane Booth *are curators of the San Diego Historical Society/Title Insurance and Trust Collection of historical photographs.*

GENESIS OF A SEAPORT

Pueblo or Old Town, Spain's first settlement in California and the predecessor to modern San Diego, dates from 1769. The view below was taken in 1869 by Rudolph Schiller, considered to be San Diego's first resident photographer. The community was laid out around a plaza (see flagpole) and was located below Presidio Hill near the San Diego River.

Alonzo E. Horton, modern San Diego's creator, is portrayed at right in a daguerreotype dating from about 1852. In addition to promoting New Town, the far-sighted and energetic entrepreneur built a major commercial pier on San Diego Bay, founded the city's first bank, and created Horton House and Horton Plaza (far right). Completed in 1870, Horton House was for many years considered the most elegant hotel south of San Francisco. Horton Plaza is still the hub of San Diego's downtown.

Until the arrival of the railroad in 1885, commodious and well-protected San Diego Bay provided the only convenient means of communication between the city and the outside world. The magnificent bay remains a major center of West Coast maritime activities to this day. A fine waterfront view by J. A. Sherriff (right) shows lumber yard activities and shipping in the harbor at the foot of Fourth Street, circa 1886.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY EMPORIUMS

Photographs by J. A. Sherriff and F. Elliott Patterson provide a glimpse at the late nineteenth-century commercial scene in San Diego. At 726 Fifth Street, below, a sidewalk grocer and his daughter display bananas, lemons, oranges, apples, onions, potatoes, nuts, and coconuts. Down the street at Fifth and Broadway (opposite page, top), well dressed gentlemen and paperboys pose outside the San Diego Pharmacy. The Alpine General Store (opposite page, bottom) offers a wide variety of goods, including coffee, dishes and tinware, brooms, soap, and yard goods.

DIEGO
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REAL ESTATE BOOMS

During the real estate boom of 1886–88, lot sales at Coronado and other subdivisions attracted large crowds of people. A diary from that period tells of buying-fever so infectious that one could stand in line, buy a lot, then go back to the end of the line and sell the lot to an impatient buyer for twice the purchase price.

Many impromptu businesses such as bars, bootblack stands, restaurants, and stage lines with tallyhos for hire sprang up to meet the needs of potential real estate buyers; the Coronado Beach Restaurant staff above poses for J. A. Sherriff in 1888. At right, crowds drawn to a real estate auction near Ocean Beach welcome the opportunity for an outing.

. . . AND BUSTS

When the boom bubble burst, population of San Diego declined from approximately forty thousand to about sixteen thousand within the space of a few months. Lots were hard to sell, as these signs indicate on property at Fourth and Elm streets in an 1889 photograph by J. A. Sherriff.

FROM HAMLET TO THRIVING CITY

Three photographs made from the same vantage point show thirty-five years of progress in early San Diego. The hill at Seventh and Ash streets has long been a vantage point used by photographers to get a bird's-eye view of the city.

The earliest known photograph of Horton's New Town (opposite page, top) was made in June 1870. Horton's Pier is clearly visible in San Diego Bay; barren Coronado looms beyond. An 1886 panorama (above) shows the extent of development achieved during the decade of the 1870s. Finally, a 1904 view (left) shows construction from the great land boom of the eighties. New buildings in the business district at right center show promise of the next decade's prosperity.

Three quarters of a century later, in 1979, visitors find San Diego in a continuing state of growth and prosperity, California's second-largest city, with a population of 833,000.

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Peter Carroll

HIS FATHER was of an old American family, he boasted, and he compared himself frequently to the American colonists who defied King George "to preserve their liberties and retain their rights." But the labor leader was called "undesirable" by President Theodore Roosevelt, and he eventually ended his days as a lonely exile far from the western country he loved.

William Dudley Haywood—"Big Bill" to his many admirers and enemies—was a child of the American frontier. Broad-shouldered and brawny, one eye blind, the other ablaze, he personified the tough labor radical who moved from the hard-rock mines of the West—"the bowels of the earth," he declared—to the forefront of the international labor movement. Born in staid Salt Lake City in 1869, he later liked to say he was raised in some of "the wildest mining camps in the West" where as a boy he witnessed old-fashioned shoot-em-ups in broad daylight and lived in the ever-present shadow of mine disasters.

Big Bill Haywood also grew up with the mythology of the West. He read dime novels about buckskin heroes and shared their frontier values of individualism and independence. But as he grew to maturity, this vision of the American West was obscured by basic economic changes. The men who "had made the West," Haywood saw, now found that it no longer belonged to them.

Big Bill became a miner for the Ohio Mine and Milling Company in Nevada at the age of fifteen. By the 1880s, the independent prospector of frontier legend had been supplanted by mining corporations that exacted backbreaking work for low wages. Despite technological innovations, mine work still pitted the sheer strength of human muscle against the hard rock that encased precious metals. For shifts that extended up to twelve hours a day, miners received about three dollars, a wage that remained fairly constant while national averages steadily climbed. Worse still was the pervasive danger of mining. Besides breathing rotten air, miners often collapsed under falling rock, worn timbers, or accidental explosion.

Under such circumstances, Haywood was glad to leave the mines when an economic downturn forced the closing of many operations. He found greater satisfaction as a prospector, cowboy, and finally as an independent homesteader. But the creation of an Indian reservation took away his ranch, and soon he was back in the hard-rock mines, where conditions remained as bad as ever. One accident nearly cost him his hand.

Feeling vulnerable before the power of the large mining corporations, Big Bill saw the emerging labor movement as a bastion for the miners. "As long as we were scattered and disjointed we could be victimized," he explained. In 1896 he joined the Western Federation of Miners in Silver City, Idaho, and served the union in a variety of offices. Haywood's organizing skill, together with his militant rhetoric, made him popular among the miners, and in 1900 he left the mines to become secretary-treasurer of the WFM in Denver. He won notoriety for the power of his speeches in agitating for causes such as the eight hour day.

As the WFM grew in strength, Big Bill found himself on "the industrial battlefield." In 1900 he joined the Socialist party. Five years later, he was a driving force in the formation of the militant Industrial Workers of the World, the "Wobblies." "This is the Continental Congress of the working-class," Haywood proclaimed at the first convention. Unlike the tamer craft unions, the Wobblies advocated complete resistance, including violence, against the capitalistic economy.

Big Bill's uncompromising language and his wide popularity made him a likely target for reprisal from the mine owners. When Idaho's former governor Frank Steunenberg was assassinated in 1905, Haywood was illegally arrested and extradited for conspiracy in the crime. His trial, at which he was defended by the celebrated Clarence Darrow, drew national attention. After eighteen months in prison, he was acquitted.

The protracted ordeal made Haywood a hero to the labor movement. His message of class warfare remained undiminished, but his long imprisonment made him suspicious of violence. "I, for one, have turned my back on violence," he declared during the Lawrence textile strike of 1912. "It wins nothing. When we strike now, we strike with our hands in our pockets."

Big Bill's views regarding World War I divided him from the Socialists and many other labor leaders. Haywood opposed American intervention in the war, urging workers to stay out of the capitalistic struggle, and in 1917 he was arrested for interfering with conscription. He was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. While awaiting his appeal, Haywood decided to flee to the Soviet Union. "Good-bye," he waved to the Statue of Liberty in 1921, "you've had your back turned on me too long."

The years in Russia proved disappointing. Confined by his unfamiliarity with the language and periodic illness, he languished in a Moscow hotel outside the mainstream of action. He died there in May 1928. Despite William Haywood's alienation from his native land, the *Nation*'s obituary aptly described him "as American as Bret Harte or Mark Twain." **AW**

Peter Carroll *is the author of* Puritanism and the Wilderness *and (with David Noble)* The Free and the Unfree: A New History of the United States.

CULVER PICTURES.

THE WESTERN LEGACY OF W. H. D. KOERNER

by W. H. Hutchinson

W. H. D. "BIG BILL" KOERNER ranks with the great artist/illustrators of his productive lifetime. He and his contemporaries, such as N. C. Wyeth, Harvey T. Dunn, and Frank E. Schoonover, gave visual impact to the literary offerings of the great, mass-circulation magazines, such as the *American*, *Collier's*, and *Saturday Evening Post*, in a day when these magazines were the equivalent of today's television screen in attracting wide audiences. This group of illustrators forever established the readers' conception of characters in popular fiction of the time. Koerner played a major role in fixing the images of the vanished American West that abide with us today; to this task he brought technical virtuosity and inner vision that had been perfected by long years of disciplined training and practice.

W. H. D. KOERNER (1878–1938)

An infant when his family emigrated from his birthplace in Lunden, Holstein, Koerner grew to strapping young manhood on the banks of the mighty Mississippi at Clinton, Iowa, a sawmill and railroad town. He first expressed his innate artistic talent by covering every vacant blackboard he could find with his handiwork. He was encouraged by his favorite teacher, Miss Julia Gordon, and by his father who enrolled his only son in the local art school conducted by a vivacious Bavarian, Hans Stich. Koerner's first art-for-pay was a painting of the head of the family cow, which he depicted on local milk wagons at five dollars per head. On June 4, 1897, the graduation exercises of the Clinton Grammar School were marked by an elaborate program, as was common in the days when graduation from the eighth grade was the apex of most youngsters' education. The Clinton *Herald* reported that "Master Will Koerner's six charcoal sketches were the outstanding display of talent by his class at their graduation exercises." That these sketches were done freehand, on stage, to a musical accompaniment went unnoticed by the paper.

After additional tutelage from Herr Stich and while still short of his twentieth birthday, the six-foot-two youth joined the great internal migration of the past century. His father gave him a gold watch and what cash he could spare, and his mother gave him her blessing. Thus armed, Koerner headed for Chicago—the lusty, gutsy, vital, brawling hog butcher to the world, the "tough" among American cities, but still a city where murder was a crime and not a diversion. His goal was a job as staff artist on that city's prestigious and tumultuous *Tribune*. He got it by sheer gall and a display of his work that impressed the *Tribune*'s managing editor, James Keely, and its art director, William L. Wells.

ROCK CRUSHER

APPEARED WITH "PELTY" BY WILL L. COMFORT IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MARCH 5, 1927
COLLECTION OF FALLIS OLIVER, JR.

As a staff artist, sporting the six-pointed badge that identified him as a *Tribune* man, Koerner accompanied reporters to accomplish what today's cameramen do with sophisticated electronic and photographic equipment—provide the visual impact for the story. It was a pressure-packed life, six days a week, and it placed a premium on the artist's ability to grasp the picture quickly, make rough sketch notes (often on shirt cuffs), hustle back to the office, do the final drawing, get it photographed, complete the silver print and bleach and wash it, and *meet* the deadline.

It was work that demanded an eye—a quick, accurate, unsentimental eye—and a hand that could record swiftly the highlights that the eye saw and the memory retained. It was Koerner's post-primary education in what Ingres, the French classical painter, meant when he said that "drawing is the probity of art." In addition to his work schedule, Koerner found time to further his artistic education by attending classes at both the Chicago Art Institute and the Francis Smith Art Academy, "three flights up on Wabash Avenue," where he met the winsome lass who would become his wife and who would outlive him by a quarter century. By mid-summer, 1902, "Big Bill" Koerner was assistant art editor of the *Tribune* at forty-five dollars per week, and was well aware that improvements in photo-engraving processes presaged the end of the newspaper

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The World, the Work, and the West of W. H. D. Koerner—*W. H. Hutchinson's 244-page illustrated biography of Koerner—was published recently by the University of Oklahoma Press. Readers may order copies through the Buffalo Bill Historical Center for $35.00 plus $2.50 for postage and handling. Write to Keeley's Museum Shop at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 409-A, Cody, WY 82414.*

THE ROAD TO OREGON

APPEARED WITH "FOOFARAW" BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 10, 1934.
PRIVATE COLLECTION.

artist's usefulness. He therefore embarked upon another step in his illustrious career, one that gave him training and experience unique among his fellow artist/illustrators. This was as art editor of *Pilgrim: A Magazine for the Home*, which sought to rival *Ladies Home Journal*.

Koerner's title of art editor was a monumental misnomer! He *was* the art department! Cover paintings, story illustrations, multiple pages of feminine fashion drawings, decorative borders for special department pages—whatever had to be done, he did it, often signing different names to his work to prevent repetition. He also provided on-the-spot drawings for the magazine's coverage of the Lewis and Clark Exposition in St. Louis in 1904. He had to learn page layout and photoengraving techniques and grasp the delicate interrelationships of tone and shading and strength between the black-and-white artwork and its reproductive plate. Most of all, he had to learn how color reproduced, something not a part of his *Tribune* stint, and he learned it well. Many years later, an editor of *Professional Art Magazine* would pay tribute to this aspect of Koerner's artistry:

"I have had upon my wall an original painting by Koerner which was painted in full color although [destined] for black-and-white reproduction. The highlights were painted in blue—not white—and reds and browns were used lavishly for the darks, while detail in shadow contained sufficient blue so that reproduction showed these areas even lighter than in the original, giving a splendid luminosity to the published illustration."

In 1915, Koerner began doing most of his work in color—oil, watercolor, pastel, crayon, and skillful admixtures of all these—even though the pictures were reproduced in

COMIN' HOME

APPEARED WITH "PASO POR AQUI" BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FEBRUARY 27, 1926.
PRIVATE COLLECTION.

black-and-white. He knew what he wanted them to say in reproduction, and he knew *how* they would reproduce. Thus, his illustrations seemed to jump off the page and into the reader's eyes and mind and heart.

ONE OF THE CONTINUING QUESTS throughout Koerner's life was advancement of his knowledge in his career field. Atop the solid foundation of his work as newspaper artist and art editor, he reared a superstructure of advanced theoretical training. Two years at the Art Students League in New York, 1905–07, enabled Koerner to study under such great teachers as George Bridgman, Gutzun Borglum, Joseph Pennell and Boardman Robinson. The prizes he won while at the League did not pay the bills for a young married couple, no matter how they scrimped and stretched, and his major magazine work began in this period, chiefly for *Red Book* at first, then broadening into the whole spectrum of the foremost, mass-circulation magazines. His only involvement in advertising illustration began in this period for some health foods of that day—Grape Nuts, Postum, Post Toasties—purveyed by C. W. Post from his factory in Battle Creek, Michigan, and lasted for the next five years.

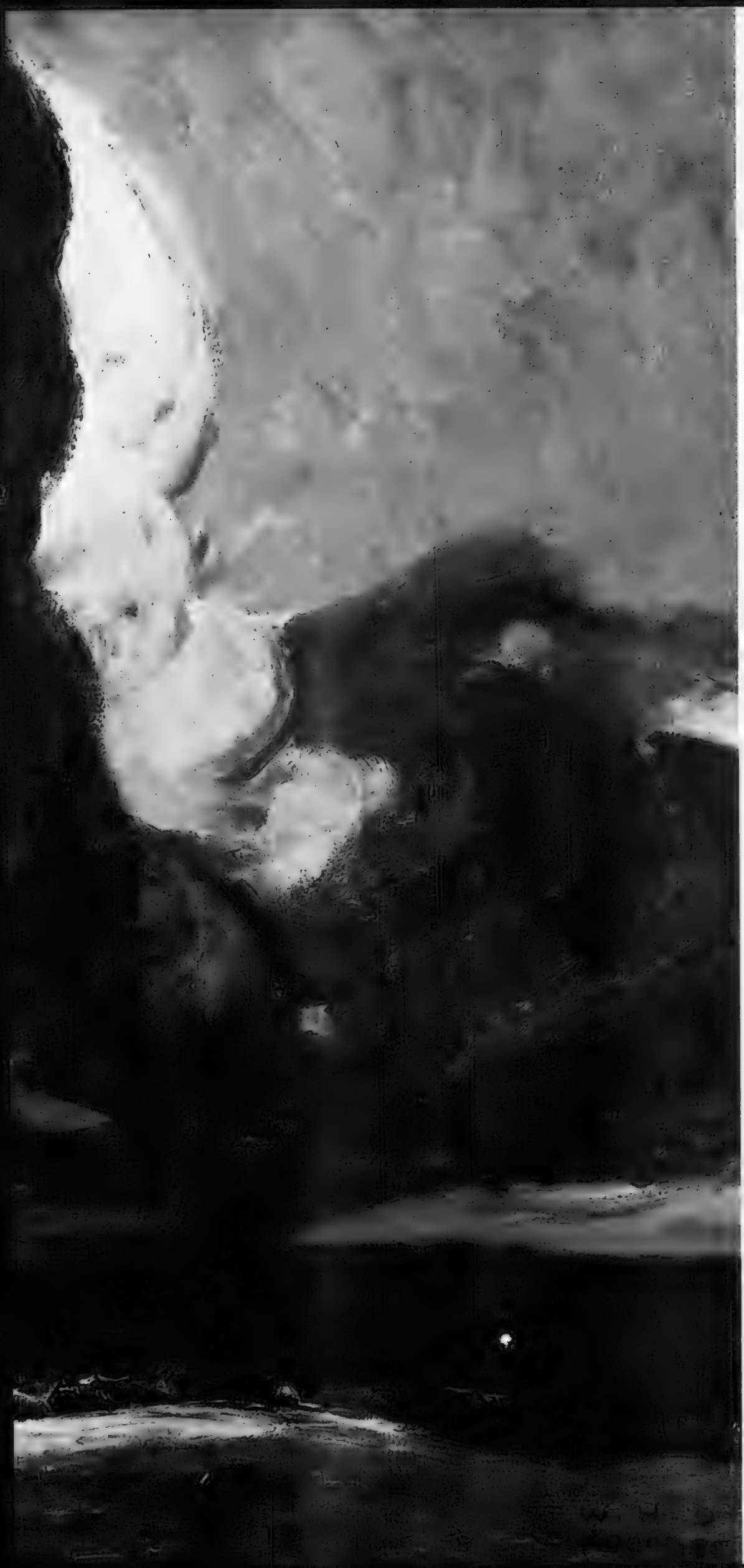
Koerner's demonstrated competence both as artist and illustrator brought him his next educational opportunity, the chance to be one of the last group to take critical instruction in Wilmington, Delaware, from the great Howard Pyle, called with reason "the father of American illustration." This experience reinforced what Koerner already felt deep inside; his roots went down and remained fixed in the traditions of American realistic art, thus forever removing

THE HOMESTEADERS

APPEARED WITH "LET THE HURRICANE ROAR" BY ROSE WILDER LANE IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 22, 1932.
KOERNER STUDIO IN THE WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER.

him from the so-called "new" art espoused by such as Alfred Stieglitz and Robert Henri as the century grew apace. Yet this commitment did not quench his thirst for education in his chosen field. Just into his splendid, never-idle forties, he went back to school for several summers with Hugh Breckenridge at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Breckenridge had been nourished on late French impressionism, and his "broken color" technique utilized the so-called rainbow colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, plus white—while eschewing brown and black. He sought to capture the way light hit on objects and reflected color off these objects onto other objects. His "Breckenridge reds," made up of many colors, were not easily forgotten. The combination of this educational experience with technique already acquired gave Koerner a palette that was unique among his contemporaries. He put this palette and his superior technical skills to magnificent use in illustrating the scenes of the West that he had come to know and love from summers spent primarily in Wyoming and the Big Sky country of Montana.

Of the more than 2,400 illustrations he created in his productive lifetime, more than one-quarter concerned the West, its people, and creatures—large and small. The authors he illustrated were the best who wrote about the West: Eugene Manlove Rhodes, George Pattullo, Stewart Edward White, Oliver LaFarge, Hal G. Evarts, Will L. Comfort, Henry H. Knibbs, Bernard DeVoto, Ben Ames Williams, and Zane Grey plus three outstanding novelists in other genres who dealt with the West in their own especial ways upon occasion—Martha Ostenso with "Wild Geese," Rose Wilder Lane with "Let the Hurricane Roar," and Mary Roberts Rinehart (the greatest of her time) with



PRAIRIE STORM

APPEARED WITH "NORTH OF 36" BY EMERSON HOUGH
IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MAY 12, 1923.
PRIVATE COLLECTION.

Koerner

LONG IN THE SADDLE

"ONCE IN THE SADDLE" BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, APRIL 11, 1925
PRIVATE COLLECTION.

THE POSSE - LAW IN ACTION

"PASO POR AQUI" BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FEBRUARY 20, 1925
PRIVATE COLLECTION.

"Lost Ecstasy," a dude ranch story set in the Wyoming country where she spent many summers and where she and Koerner met for the first time.

KOERNER'S MAJOR CONTRIBUTION to the images of the West that persist today came in his illustrations for the final phase in the evolution of the western story as a genre of American popular literature. That phase occurred during post-World War I years and was spawned by the *Saturday Evening Post*. Its presiding genius and five-button mandarin, George Horace Lorimer, strove to give his readers renewed pride in their country and their countrymen's accomplishments, to help them face an uncertain future with traditional values unimpaired. A major means to this end was to make the nineteenth century's culmination of a unique American experience, the three centuries of westward movement, the equivalent of the earlier historical romance, for which *When Knighthood Was In Flower* may stand as exemplar. This added an epic dimension to the western story. In illustrating these epics of the westward movement, Koerner made his major and enduring contribution to the modern images of our bygone West.

Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon" was the first *epic* western story in print, and Koerner illustrated it at Hough's request, thus renewing an association first begun in the old Chicago *Tribune* days. After appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1922, "The Covered Wagon" became the first epic western film and the first epic motion picture not produced by David Wark Griffith. The characters in the film were costumed exactly as Koerner had

depicted them in the *Post*'s pages; when the film made its eastern premiere at the famous Criterion Theater, the personnel were also costumed as Koerner had depicted the characters. It is worth noting that the film had a longer New York run than Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, the previous record-holder, and that it played in Europe for more than a year to standing-room audiences. Koerner also illustrated Hough's "North of 36," the epic of the first trail-drive north from Texas to the Kansas cow towns.

Among the Hal G. Evarts stories that Koerner illustrated in the *Saturday Evening Post* were: "Short Grass," which contained skeletal remains of Wyoming's Johnson County War and depicted vividly the end of the open-range, free-grass, cattle industry; "Tomahawk Rights," the opening of the old Northwest beyond the Appalachians; "Shaggy Legion," which dealt with the virtual extermination of the Buffalo on the Great Plains; and "Tumbleweeds," the Oklahoma land rush, which made William S. Hart's farewell to films.

Above and beyond these epics and all the others that he illustrated were the sweep, the scope, and characters of the forty-three related stories that appeared in the *Post* between September 5, 1930, and March 23, 1935. These comprise Stewart Edward White's saga of Andy Burnet and his Long Rifle, the veritable "Boone Gun" of frontier fame. In these episodes, White and Koerner carried Burnet from his home in the Ohio River valley to California, via the fur trade of Mountain Men days, and depicted his life in California thereafter as a *ranchero*, despite the coming of the *gringos* with the Gold Rush. These were Koerner's last major western paintings, virtually the last of his creative work, and they brought him a letter from White

— TRAIL HERD TO WYOMING

APPEARED WITH "NORTH OF 36" BY EMERSON HOUGH IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, APRIL 14, 1923.
WHITNEY GALLERY OF WESTERN ART, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER.

that speaks eloquently of what his work had meant to the author.

"I've had it on the tip of my typewriter for over a year to tell you how much I like your end of the work we have been doing together. It has been a constant delight to me, as I know it has to the many readers of the *Post*. Not only in its wonderful artistic merit; but also in its sense of movement and life, and in its accuracy of detail. These latest color reproductions are the final touch that makes me feel how remiss I have been in not expressing my pleasure before. . . . My hat is off; I clap heem the hand; I also thank heem from the heart, for while nothing is more delightful to an author than to be well illustrated, nothing is more depressing than the opposite. Sir: I salute you!" It was these epic stories of the West, illustrated by Koerner and magnified by their subsequent cinematic presentations, that forever fixed the images of the American West that we use and respond to today.

Koerner was painting at the height of his career in 1935 when an undiagnosed malady forced him to clean his brushes and his palette for the last time. Thus, his work was not marred by a long back-slope, such as ended his corporeal existence. Like the sheer, eastern escarpment of the true High Sierra Nevada, the Range of Light, his work stands today as it was upthrust by his creative forces, and the inexorable passage of time cannot erode it. **AW**

W. H. Hutchinson *is Professor of History at California State University in Chico. He has written numerous books and articles about the American West.*

The author and editors gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Ruth Koerner Oliver, W. H. D. Koerner's daughter, in the preparation of this article.

W. H. D. KOERNER AT THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERRI HOEM

ADMIRERS of W. H. D. Koerner have the unusual opportunity of visiting the artist's studio while touring the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. In the summer of 1978, the Center unveiled a meticulous reconstruction of the Interlaken, New Jersey, studio where so many of Koerner's famous illustrations of western scenes were painted. Permanently housed in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the studio has been carefully designed to duplicate the earlier scene which supported the inspiration and fulfillment of Koerner's creative process. The entire effects of the Interlaken studio were donated to the Center by the artist's heirs, Ruth Koerner Oliver and William H. D. Koerner, who assisted in the re-creation project. One may see the paint-smeared easel as the artist left it, with dozens of brushes and odd-shaped bottles stored nearby on a corner table. A western saddle, chaps, an Indian blanket, and broad-brimmed hats lie ready to serve as models beside Koerner's smock and eyeshade. On hand is a spotlight which Koerner used when the skylight at Interlaken failed to serve his purposes. And on all sides are paintings already familiar to W. H. D. Koerner enthusiasts—*The Madonna of the Prairies*, *The Homesteaders*, *Pack and Chaps*, *Breezy Riding*, and many others picturing the cowboy and his horse. Amidst the silence of such surroundings, the gulf of a half-century instantly vanishes; one experiences at firsthand both the atmosphere of a *working* studio momentarily vacated by its occupant and a sense of yesterday's West as visualized by one of America's leading illustrators of the frontier experience. **AW**

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WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

In 1879, Dr. Henry Cogswell sealed a **box of mementos** in the granite base of a statue of Benjamin Franklin located in San Francisco's Washington Square, with instructions that it be opened 100 years later. The **California Historical Society** has now retrieved Cogswell's hollow lead cube and examined the contents, which include books, posters, buttons, coins, pamphlets, engravings, swatches of cloth, and many newspapers. Among the memorabilia is a prediction sheet forecasting that in 1979 "the air will be navigated by some sort of balloon or flying machine worked by steam or magnetic power; the sea by vessels propelled by other agents than steam—electricity perhaps." It also predicts that "all the states will not permit women to vote, nor will there be a woman President." The 1879 time capsule has been replaced by a new one, to be opened in 2079, while the contents of the 1879 box are now on display at the California Historical Society in San Francisco.

The **Forest History Society** will hold its annual meeting in **Santa Cruz,** California, on October 27–28. For information, contact Harold K. Steen at (408) 426-3770.

The **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** in Cody, Wyoming, is hosting two seminars relating to western history this fall. The third annual **Plains Indian Seminar,** on the theme "Design Symbology and Decoration," will take place October 19 through 21, while **"Sixguns and Sourdough,"** a seminar on the West of fact and fiction in movies, paperbacks, and other popular media, is scheduled for November 2 through 4. Information on schedules, fees, and registration is available from the Center at P.O. Box 1020, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

Congress has authorized acquisition by the **National Park Service** of one of the West's most famous buildings, the **Old Faithful Inn** in Yellowstone National Park. (See Richard A. Bartlett's "Old Faithful Inn" in July/August 1979 issue of *The American West.*)

The **National Trust for Historic Preservation** has recently honored a group of middle school students at **Scio, Oregon,** for helping to preserve covered bridges throughout the state. The students led community support for saving the bridges by testifying at official hearings, presenting their own essays and poems to local officials, and helping to organize a "Covered Bridge Society of Oregon."

To assist local historical groups, the **Kansas State Historical Society** will sponsor a one-day workshop on "Oral History—Why and How," September 29, in **Hutchinson.**

Seven new exhibits reflecting New Mexican history have opened in the newly renovated east wing of **Santa Fe's Palace of the Governors,** which has been closed since late 1977 for restoration. During renovations several unknown architectural features were discovered in the 369-year-old building when twentieth-century plaster was removed. These features form one of the new exhibits, "Evolution of the Palace," which presents previously hidden doorways, floors, and other design elements to show how the building has changed through the Spanish colonial, territorial, and modern periods.

From November 3, 1979, to February 1, 1980, the **Western Heritage Museum of Omaha,** Nebraska, will feature an exhibit providing an interpretive view of Omaha's Trans-Mississippi Exposition of 1898.

The **U.S. Army Center of Military History** is again sponsoring a program of **"Dissertation Year Fellowships"** to help stimulate research and study in the field of military history. For the academic year 1980–81, two fellowships of $4,000 each will be awarded to qualified, civilian, graduate students whose doctoral dissertation topics pertain to American military history. The deadline for filing applications is January 24, 1980. For information, write to the Chief Historian, Center of Military History, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C. 20314.

Old Washington Historic State Park in **Arkansas** will hold its third annual Frontier Days celebration on November 3–4. Featured will be pioneer activities such as knife making, knife throwing, shingle and rail splitting, lye soap-making, and lard rendering.

The University of New Mexico's **Maxwell Museum of Anthropology** in **Albuquerque** has installed a new permanent exhibit of **prehistoric** jewelry made by Hohokam, Mogollon, and Anasazi peoples.

The **California State Railroad Museum** in Sacramento recently unveiled a prize exhibit in its collection of railroad memorabilia. After almost two years of skillful, loving restoration, the 103-year-old locomotive **"Sonoma"** now enjoys the shiny brass, polished steel, and gold-leaf detail of its original appearance. Built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia in 1876, the "Sonoma" is an American Standard Type (4-4-0) narrow gauge passenger locomotive. It saw service in California and Nevada. During the Golden Gate International Exposition of 1939–40, the "Sonoma" was displayed in a pageant depicting the merging of the rails at Promontory Point, Utah. This historic locomotive will be on permanent exhibit in the Museum's History Building when it is completed in October of 1980.

The first annual assembly of the **Order of the Indian Wars** will be held November 1–3 in **Washington, D.C.** The featured speaker will be Robert M. Utley, noted author of many books and articles on America's frontier conflicts, and a member of the editorial board of *The American West.*

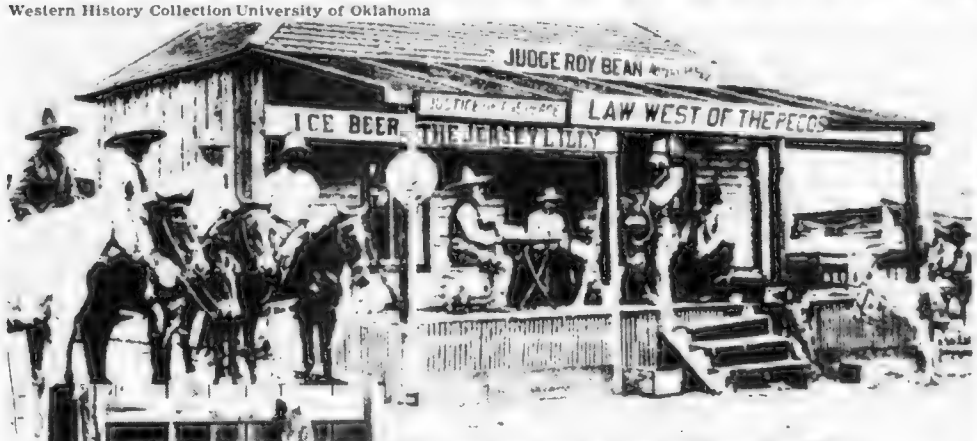
The **Arkansas Arts Center** in **Little Rock** will offer an exhibit on "Five Hundred Years of Wine in the Arts" from September 7 to October 7. Original prints, drawings, and watercolors from the collection of the Christian Brothers in California will be shown.

Continued on page 56

Midnight shoot-outs...duels at dawn...

Law and Order...Frontier Style!

Western History Collection University of Oklahoma



Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.

In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.

Montana Historical Society

Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

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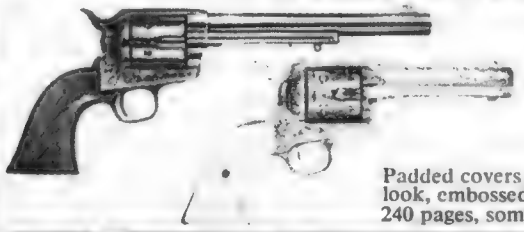

"God did not make all men equal," Westerners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

THE PLAINS ACROSS: THE OVERLAND EMIGRANTS AND THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST

Reviewed by Robert Becker

The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840–60 *by John D. Unruh, Jr. (University of Illinois, Urbana, 1979; 590 pp., intro., maps, charts, biblio., notes, index, $22.50).*

ONE OF the gentle messages to be read in the late John D. Unruh's *The Plains Across* is directed to our ignorance, for it is unfortunately true that we do not know as much about this great overland migration of the mid-nineteenth century as we think we do. The literature of the Overland Trail abounds with factual narratives and poetic fiction, plus an occasional television spectacular. However, the factual views afforded us are either the close-up of the personal diary, or a big picture with no detail at all. As Unruh points out, many writers select one or the other, or perhaps three years (usually 1843, 1846, and 1849) as the ones to typify, and leave it at that. Few indeed are the scholarly syntheses, which will in a sense unroll the trail for us both geographically and chronologically, and Unruh's is certainly notable among them. Two works most comparable are Merrill Mattes's *The Great Platte River Road* (1969), and George R. Stewart's *The California Trail* (1962). Mattes's book progresses mile after mile up the Platte as far as Fort Laramie, with anecdotes and happenings interspersed along the way. Stewart's work is chronological, with a chapter devoted to each year through 1849, and "interchapters" containing advice on wagon management and other interesting bits of trail lore. Unfortunately, Stewart was able to condense the entire decade of the 1850s into one chapter of twenty-three pages.

In contrast, Unruh presents twelve long essays, each a monograph itself, covering the broad aspects of the story in topical organization. The first is an excellent bibliographical essay, "Historians and the Overlanders"; the next two chapters make a thorough analysis of public opinion, 1840–1848 and 1849–1860. Unruh has made masterly use of contemporary newspapers, especially those printed along the frontier.

Then follow essays on "Motivations and Beginnings," "Emigrant Interaction," and "Emigrant-Indian Interaction." The last is particularly significant for its careful treatment of so-called hostilities, in which the author traces the deterioration of relations between the two races, and attempts to gauge the effect of the migration upon the Indians themselves.

In the succeeding chapter, Unruh describes the efforts of the national government to aid in the migration and to keep the peace along the way, to attempt the impossible task of mollifying Indian indignation, to negotiate treaties that were seldom honored by Congress, and to get the travelers through the danger spots as safely as possible. Chapters 7 and 8 are concerned with "Private Entrepreneurs," 1840–1849 and 1850–1860. Not only does the author describe the traders and merchants along the Missouri from Saint Louis to Council Bluffs, but also the enterprising adventurers who established, however temporarily, ferries, shops, saloons, and other emporia along the way.

The latter discussion leads naturally into Chapter 12, "Mormon Halfway House," in which Unruh examines the new settlement of Great Salt Lake City, from both the Mormon and Gentile points of view. The Mormon presence had an enormous effect upon the migration, and it is Unruh's feeling that the effect was just as great upon the Mormon community in its early development.

Throughout the book, Unruh continually stresses the idea of action and reaction, of the interplay between the human spirit and the country, woven into inexorable time. He pictures a constantly shifting panorama that was never the same from one moment to the next.

It is indeed a tragedy that a man of such promise as Unruh should have died at an early age.

The Plains Across was a long time in preparation, and in the opinion of this reviewer, it will endure for yet a longer time. It is carefully researched and well written. As a matter of emphasis, the author could have spent more time on the southern overland routes: via the Arkansas River, or Texas, and Santa Fe to southern California. Although they were not heavily used, they certainly were part of the picture. But that is to quibble; the excellence of the book more than compensates for such a minor fault. AW

Robert Becker, retired from the staff of the Bancroft Library at the University of California, is preparing a completely revised edition of the Wagner/Camp bibliography of the American West, The Plains and the Rockies, *to be published by Warren R. Howell, San Francisco.*

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Journal of a Catholic Bishop on the Oregon Trail *edited by Edward J. Kowrach (Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Washington, 1978; 190 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $18.95).*

Translated from the French, Bishop Blanchet's journal details his trek from Montreal to the Oregon Territory and subsequent experiences during the years 1847–1851. Blanchet reached the Northwest shortly before the 1847 massacre of Protestant missionary Marcus Whitman by Indians, and the book includes an account of the tragedy by missionary priest J. B. A. Brouillet as well as shorter references by Blanchet. High standards of design and production in this volume will make it appealing to book collectors as well as historians.

The Urban West at the End of the Frontier *by Lawrence H. Larsen (Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1978; 173 pp., notes, tables, biblio., index, $12.50).*

By examining twenty-four western cities of 1880, the author concludes that they were much like their eastern counterparts and not outposts for a new, more democratic society.

A History of the Russian-American Company *by P. A. Tikhmenev, translated and edited by Richard A. Pierce and Alton S. Donnelly (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1978; 522 pp., illus., maps, notes, glossary, index, $35.00).*

This publication, a modern translation of a two-volume survey first published in St. Petersburg in 1861–63, makes available an indispensable historical source on the Russian phase of North American history.

Frontier Politics: Alaska's James Wickersham *by Evangeline Atwood (Binford & Mort, Portland, Oregon, 1979; 449 pp., illus., appen., notes, index, $14.95).*

This chronological biography is a sympathetic treatment of an important figure in early, twentieth century Alaska.

California Heartland: Writings from the Great Central Valley, *edited by Gerald W. Haslam and James D. Houston (Capra Press, Santa Barbara, 1978; 225 pp., $4.95 paper).*

This fine collection of writings about the Central Valley and its people ranges from early Indian legends to work by modern writers like Steinbeck, Saroyan, Joan Didion, and Leonard Gardner.

Native American Art in the Denver Art Museum *by Richard Conn (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1979; 352 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., $40.00 cloth, $20.00 paper).*

This beautiful catalog presents color and black-and-white photographs of five hundred notable examples of Native American art, selected on esthetic and historical criteria from the important collections in the Denver Art Museum. Objects pictured include clothing, wood carving, pottery, and basketry from all major North American Indian groups. Curator Richard Conn has contributed a scholarly introduction as well as descriptive paragraphs for each item.

San Francisco *by John B. McGloin (Presidio Press, San Rafael, California, 1978; 445 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $16.95).*

In a straightforward manner, McGloin writes a topically-oriented, historical treatment of the Bay City, seeking a balanced perspective to refute "indefensible" legends about San Francisco.

The Early Temples of the Mormons *by Laurel B. Andrew (State University of New York Press, Albany, 1978; 218 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $15.00).*

A study of the six temples which the Mormons constructed in the nineteenth century, this account relates the architecture to the theology and politics of the Latter-day Saints. Illustrations include architectural plans and drawings of the temples as well as photographs.

The Circus Moves by Rail *by Tom Parkinson and Charles Philip Fox (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1978; 392 pp., illus., appendix, index, $35.00).*

Illustrated with hundreds of photographs —some taken by the authors, others culled from historical collections—this volume describes in fascinating detail how American railroad circuses once transported acres of canvas, dozens of wagons, and hundreds of animals and performers with military precision from town to town. A sequel to the authors' colorful *The Circus in America*, this book will delight rail fan and circus buff alike.

Twenty Miles from a Match *by Sarah E. Olds (University of Nevada Press, 1978; 182 pp., illus., $5.50 paper).*

In a lively and touching style, this memoir of an indomitable woman recounts her experiences on a Nevada homestead during the first years of this century.

Iron Road to the West *by John F. Stover (Columbia University Press, New York, 1978; 265 pp., illus., maps, charts, biblio., notes, index, $14.95).*

Considering a dramatic decade, 1850–1860, in the development of U.S. railroads, historian Stover emphasizes technological as well as political and economic significance of this boom period.

Victorian West *by Lambert Florin (Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1978; 190 pp., illus., index, $14.95)* and **Victorian Architecture of Port Townsend, Washington** *by Allen T. Denison and Wallace K. Huntington (Hancock House Publishers Inc., Seattle, 1978; 176 pp., illus., intro., maps, biblio., index, glossary, $17.95).*

Interesting examples of Victorian architecture from throughout the American West are offered by these handsome books containing period and modern photographs.

Continued on page 57

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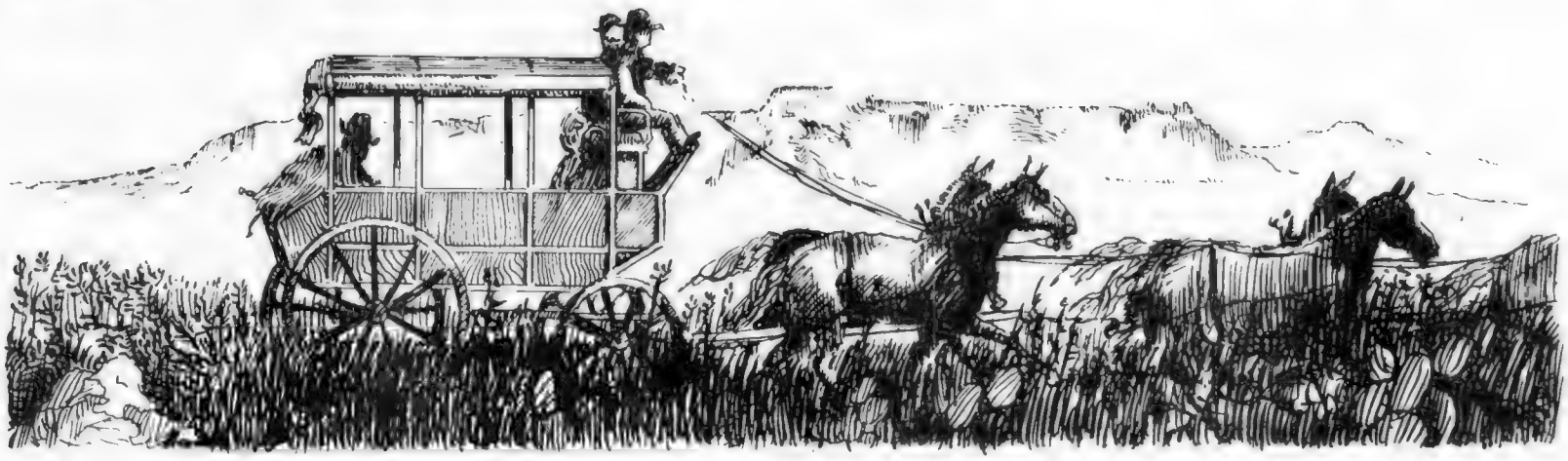

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WESTERN BOOK REVIEWS

The War, the West, and the Wilderness *by Kevin Brownlow (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1979; 620 pp., intro., illus., notes, sources, index, $27.50).*

Reviewed by Carl Edwin Maves

"INTO SOMBREROS and chaps; long mustaches on seventeen-year-old kids; down mountain paths on bronchos, with cowboys just beyond the rise and, out of sight of camera, lashing the horses' rumps with a blacksnake." A pre-Garbo John Gilbert is describing his experiences, circa 1910, as an extra on a California movie ranch.

In three bounteously illustrated sections, Kevin Brownlow examines how silent films documented World War I, the passing of the frontier here at home, and exotic locales abroad. The 180 pages on Westerns alone would make a substantial volume. "The motion picture not only reconstructed western history," the author opines, "it became an extension of that history."

His claim is impressively underlined by an account of "Buffalo Bill" Cody's little-known attempt, in 1913, to recreate for the cameras the notorious 1890 massacre of some two hundred Sioux at Wounded Knee. Actual survivors of the incident, both Indians and cavalry, were used as actors; the resulting footage has vanished, alas, and was perhaps even suppressed by the government.

Several former outlaws, Brownlow tells us, tried similar stunts. Patrons of the nickelodeons could thrill to Belle Starr's nephew Henry re-enacting his Oklahoma bank robbery or Emmett Dalton playing all three members of the Dalton gang (his two brothers were dead).

Meanwhile, Hollywood was evolving its own version of the truth. Brownlow cleverly suggests that the familiar cowboy-flick cliches derive, not from frontier realities, but from the rough-and-tumble antics of the early studio gunslingers. Tim McCoy recalls Art Acord's offscreen brawls with Hoot Gibson: "They'd just stand up and beat the hell out of each other. And then they'd come to the bar and have a drink."

Brownlow's narrative alternates between the great personalities—William S. Hart, Buck Jones, and that consummate horseman Yakima Canutt—and the epic pictures: *The Covered Wagon*, *North of 36*, *The Iron Horse*. He does much to "untwine the barbed wire of legend," as he puts it, from the plain old fencepost of fact. **AW**

Carl Edwin Maves is the author of a book on Henry James and reviews theater and music for a California newspaper.

The Dust Bowl: Men, Dirt, and Depression *by Paul Bonnifield (University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1979; 244 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

Reviewed by Irvin M. May

THE DUST BOWL comes alive again, not in romantic confrontation of mankind against nature, but in a story of people living through a devastating depression. Clearly, Bonnifield sympathizes with individuals who believed in toil and in a brighter tomorrow in a region which he contends was no worse than elsewhere in America.

Bonnifield substantiates his thesis with easy-to-read chapters and interesting anecdotes. In contrast to Richard Warrick's *Drought Hazard in the United States*, Bonnifield presents not only the agricultural scene but also the less-known energy frontier of oil and gas exploration. Valuable chapters interweave these themes in tracing the causes of the Dust Bowl, examining weather patterns, and critically analyzing the response and impact of government policies.

As one reads, it is important to remember three points: First, scientific agricultural research was limited by the lack of strong, long-term financial support to hire talented personnel and maintain adequate facilities to solve pressing problems. Even so, soil conservation experiments by the Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, led by Ray Dickson, were very important. When one considers the existing status of southwestern agricultural science, it seems that the people got what they paid

for during the 1930s. Second, congressional leaders like Marvin Jones of Amarillo, the powerful chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, never intended that relief efforts should make Dust Bowl residents permanently dependent upon federal assistance. Third, by relying principally upon local sources and interviews, the book contains some questionable and controversial statements.

The net result is an entertaining, provocative, social history of the Dust Bowl. AW

Irvin M. May, research historian, Texas Agricultural Experiment Station, is the author of a spring 1980 publication, Marvin Jones: The Public Life of an Agrarian Advocate, *to be published by the Texas A&M University Press.*

The Mormon Experience: A History of the Latter-day Saints *by Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1979; 428 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $15.00).*

Reviewed by Jerry A. Herndon

THIS WORK, written by two prominent LDS scholars, fills the need for a competent and reliable one-volume history of the Latter-day Saints addressed to a general audience. An impressive array of facts is packed into the sixteen chapters, which are divided into three sections: "The Early Church," "The Kingdom in the West," and "The Modern Church." The book is gracefully written, and the authors are admirably even-handed in presenting both the story in general, and sensitive issues in particular. In dealing with polygamy, for example, they are careful to present conflicting interpretations of its genesis and significance. They are careful, also, in their analysis of the reasons for anti-Mormon sentiment in the first century of the Church's existence, as it was driven from one state to another, and then subjected to federal harassment in the West.

Respectively, Church Historian and Assistant Church Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Arrington and Bitton draw on Church archives, sound scholarship of the Church's first century, and more recent scholarship as well, especially that flourishing in the last two decades. Arrington's expertise as an economic historian is evident throughout the work, and comes to focus in chapter 14, "The Temporal Foundation," in the section devoted to the modern Church.

In addition to treating the vicissitudes of the Church's founding under Joseph Smith, the troubles in Ohio and Missouri, the rise and fall of Nauvoo, and the hegira to a new Zion under Brigham Young, the authors focus on some special aspects of their subject. Discussed in detail are Mormon relations with the Indians, and the struggle to achieve economic independence and to maintain social, religious, and political principles against the pressures imposed by the Federal Government. The social functions of the nineteenth-century ward and the role of women in the Church are also lucidly treated.

There is an excellent bibliographical essay, and the account is brought up to date, to mid-1978. The documentation is thorough. One of the most impressive aspects of the study is the use of unpublished research, including but not limited to theses and dissertations. The work is a worthy companion to the recent studies of special aspects of Mormon history by Klaus Hansen, Gustive Larson, Dallin Oaks and Marvin Hill, Donna Hill, and others. It should stand as the indispensable one-volume interpretative history of the Church for a long time to come. AW

Jerry A. Herndon is professor of English at Murray State University in Kentucky.

Pioneer Conservationists of Western America *by Peter Wild, intro. by Edward Abbey (Mountain Press Publishing Co., Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806, 1979; 272 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.95).*

Reviewed by J. I. Merritt

THE SETTLING of the West took place concurrently with the first stirrings of conservationist sentiment in America. While the beginnings of that sentiment may be traced to eastern writers like Thoreau and George Perkins Marsh, whose *Man and Nature* (1864) sounded the alert about the consequences of rampant exploitation of the land, it was largely in the West that early conservation efforts were focussed. As author Peter Wild points out in this collection of engaging (if occasionally superficial) portraits of the West's leading environmental defenders, conservation in America was born "when the nation reached the end of the continent and realized that both beauty and needed resources were exhaustible."

Wild, a poet and contributing editor to the environmental biweekly *High Country News*, sketches the lives of fifteen conservationists whose writings or activities have done the most in promoting stewardship of Western lands and wildlife. Some of the figures—John Wesley Powell, John Muir, Aldo Leopold—are well known, although many of the visionary men and one woman portrayed will be unfamiliar to most readers. As a glance at this gallery suggests, they have been as varied in background and approach as the landscape they have sought to protect—from near mystics like Muir and Amos Mills of Colorado to eminently down-to-earth men like the utilitarian Gifford Pinchot, founder of the Forest Service; Stephen Mather, proselytizer and first director of National Parks; and the dynamic and politically astute Stewart Udall, Interior Secretary under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Two of them, Olaus Murie and Leopold, were wildlife biologists whose studies of animals and their habitat led them to a broader appreciation for the kinship of all living things and placed them at odds with the bureaucracies that employed them. The movement has encompassed intellectuals like Joseph Wood Krutch, Bernard DeVoto, and the bohemian Mary Hunter Austin, whose turn-of-the-century musings on man's relationship to the earth, *The Land of Little Rain*, stands in Wild's view as "one of the truly magical books about the West."

The spectrum of more recent personalities includes Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, a poor kid from Yakima who tested his polio-ravaged legs in the Washington wilderness and later set forth the radical legal doctrine that the natural world has rights under the law; the charismatic and occasionally reckless David Brower, restorer of Muir's Sierra Club to its vanguard political-activist role; the controversial Garrett Hardin, academic maverick and Cassandra of overpopulation; and the acerbic and outrageously calculating essayist and novelist Edward Abbey.

Wild could have benefitted from better copy-editing in a few places—several typos intrude into the narrative, and at one point the author refers to Sinclair Lewis when he obviously means Upton Sinclair. Such peccadilloes aside, this volume remains a useful introduction to the visionary and often idiosyncratic individuals who raised American consciousness toward the vast natural heritage of the West. A lengthy bibliography provides leads for further reading. AW

J. I. Merritt, a free-lance writer specializing in natural history and outdoor subjects, is editor of University: A Princeton Quarterly.

Hard Rock Epic: Western Miners and the Industrial Revolution, 1860–1910 *by Mark Wyman (University of California, Berkeley, 1979; 341 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $15.95).*

Reviewed by Joseph R. Conlin

THE HARD ROCK MINERS had as much to do with winning the West as any other definable group of men and women. Prospectors and the investors that were always right behind them opened up as much new country as soldiers, fur traders, or cattlemen did. Gold and silver and semi-precious metals sustained the economies of half a dozen states for half a century. Metal made more millionaires than farming or ranching or even logging ever did and supported more people at work. Indeed, the unique "culture," the way of living evolved by the miners to meet their needs, was more coherent and longer lasting than that of any other western group.

And yet, western mining never attracted the pen of a Webb, DeVoto, or Parkman, and the miner never seized on the popular imagination as the cowboy did, or the '49er, or the lumberjack of the Pacific Northwest. There is no classic on western mining in the sense that the likes of Webb and others wrote classics, books that will never be forgotten. For all its virtues, Shinn's *Mining Camps* is handicapped by the author's determination to trace the miners' institutions and folkways to ancient Germany. Rodman Paul's *Mining Frontiers of the Far West* is surely the first book on the list for the reader new to the field. But it lacks grandiosity—indeed, the grand scale was lost to historical writing long before 1963, when *Mining Frontiers* was published. And the book has been improved upon, enhanced, corrected in particulars by a number of writers.

The literature of western metal mining is a literature of a number of books, many of them, fortunately, by craftsmen of the highest order. The most recent contributor to this tradition is Mark Wyman, son of American historian Walker Wyman, and now, with *Hard Rock Epic*, an estimable "westerner" in his own right.

Mark Wyman is something of a "new" social historian. His topic is the industrial side of the hard rock miner's character. Wyman describes how, after a brief period of wide-open frontier, western mining was an industry, quite as sophisticated technologically as the textile mills of Massachusetts and just as finely integrated into the web of international finance as the insurance business. Wyman establishes the "modern" quality of mining camp life in chapters on the scale and variety of mining machinery, the mining population's unique ethnic composition and relationships, the miners' vulnerability to remote financial decisions, their "betrayal" by a new technology that seemed to promise so much, and the legal status (or lack of it) of the miner and his widow.

In doing so, Wyman may also be showing us why, for all the miner's obvious importance to western development, he never seized on the popular imagination in the way that the cowboy did. It is not merely a matter of claustrophobic tunnels versus the wide-open spaces and the drama of great trees falling to earth. Additionally, the gold and silver miner has remained an obscure one-dimensional fellow in the folklore (except when he is in the saloon, of course, when he could as well be a cowboy, logger, sailor, or weaver) because he was essentially an industrial worker as well as a pioneer, with a rhythm to his life that too much resembles our own.

This is a fine book. To read it is to understand better the miner's ambitions, frustrations, dreams, motives, and mere daily doings. Following so soon after Richard E. Lingenfelter's excellent *Hard Rock Miners*, a study of early miner unionism, Wyman's rather different kind of book (and differing opinions in some matters) ensures that while lacking a historian from the age of the giants, an occupational group as important as any in western history is receiving its historical due. AW

Joseph R. Conlin has written several books and a number of articles dealing with western mining.

Utah's History, *edited by Richard D. Poll, Thomas G. Alexander, Eugene E. Campbell, and David E. Miller (Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 1978; 777 pp., illus., maps, charts, index, $14.95 cloth, $9.95 paper).*

Reviewed by Stanford J. Layton

FOR YEARS, college-level Utah history has been taught without benefit of an adequate textbook. During that time, various instructors have experimented with a far-ranging combination of books, monographs, and journals in an attempt to fill the gap. Gustive O. Larson's *Outline History of Utah and the Mormons* has seen extensive use despite its many shortcomings, as have Nels Anderson's *Desert Saints* and Robert J. Dwyer's *The Gentile Comes to Utah*, even though both these latter classics are specialized in scope and limited to the nineteenth century. More recently, *The Peoples of Utah*, an ethnic and cultural history edited by Helen Z. Papanikolas, and *Utah: A Bicentennial History*, a zippy overview by Charles S. Peterson, have been pressed into service, notwithstanding the fact that neither was intended for such yeoman duty.

MINE CAGE HOISTING ENGINEER, FROM "HARD ROCK EPIC" WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

With great anticipation, then, Utah's professorial historians have awaited the much delayed, much heralded *Utah's History*. Since its appearance a few months ago, it has been used as a textbook in several classes and has commanded a great deal of interest and conversation among the historical audience. At this point, the book appears to have won general acceptance.

Utah's History gets off to a good start with a technical but interesting geographical analysis by Robert Layton, and then features Lyman Tyler on the area's earliest inhabitants, Ted Warner on the Spanish exploration, David E. Miller on the mountain men, and so on. The book proceeds on this general topical-chronological course through Chapter 30, then concludes with a half-dozen specialized chapters on such subjects as women, unassimilated minorities, and natural resources.

The chapters are generally short, the text readable. Twenty-eight scholars have contributed, some only as coauthors of a single chapter, others as authors or coauthors of four or five chapters. They are all experts. Many of them have created the prevailing interpretation of the particular topic or period that they discuss here. Contemporary scholarship is well represented in this book.

Congregating the right scholarship is only half the challenge in creating a book of this type. Equally important is the packaging. Fortunately, this, too, has been handled well. Richard D. Poll and fellow editors Thomas G. Alexander, Eugene E. Campbell, and David E. Miller have achieved the remarkable in assuring a certain continuity of tone and style from chapter to chapter, thereby minimizing the episodic jar that always threatens a multi-author history. BYU Press also deserves praise for the typographical and structural quality of the book.

Not that the production is perfect—this reviewer noticed a few typographical errors, found some design work to criticize, and discovered at least one lacuna in the subject matter by looking in vain for an appropriate discussion of Utah's radical labor history. But there is time to correct these shortcomings. To the credit of all involved with the production, and to the relief of the history students and professors of the state's colleges and universities, *Utah's History* is sure to be around for a long time and to see many reprintings. AW

Stanford J. Layton is coordinator of publications and public information at the Utah State Historical Society.

NEW BISON BOOKS

ARMY EXPLORATION IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1803–1863. By William H. Goetzmann. In fascinating detail, here is the story of the United States Army Corps of Topographical Engineers and their participation in the exploration and settlement of the American West. "This is the kind of book out of which a thousand other books and studies and random tales will be quarried in coming years."—*New York Times.*
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WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

(Continued from page 46)

The new **Institute of Museum Services** of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, **has awarded $3.7 million in grants** this year, 22 percent to historical groups. Among those receiving funds were the Kodiak Historical Society in Kodiak, Alaska; Historic Wichita in Kansas; and the Sam Rayburn House in Bonham, Texas. For further information write the Institute of Museum Services, 200 Independence Avenue, S.W., Room 326 H, Washington, D.C. 20201.

Showing at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** from October 5 through November 30 is the exhibition **American Masters in the West,** a selection of one hundred paintings from the Anschutz Collection. Included are works by George Catlin, Alfred Jacob Miller, William Ranney, Henry Farny, and others.

On November 30 and December 1, the History Department of the **University of Arizona** will sponsor a conference at the Santa Rita Hotel in downtown **Tucson.** Supported by a grant from the Arizona Humanities Council, the conference will have as its theme "History and Identity: The Southwest in World Perspective," and will be of interest to the general public as well as to professional historians.

Objects made by Native Americans of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico from A.D. 900 to the present will be on display at the **Aspen Center for the Visual Arts** in Aspen, Colorado, August 17–October 21.

Texas A&M University is calling for proposals for papers to be presented at a symposium on the **History of Agriculture in the Southwestern United States** at College Station in 1980 on May 13–15. Additional sponsors are the Agricultural History Society and the United States Department of Agriculture. Proposals should be sent as soon as possible to Dr. Irvin M. May, Jr., Research Historian, Department of Agricultural Economics, Texas A&M University, College Station, Texas 77843.

A new solar-heated museum center on the grounds of the **Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona,** was dedicated in April. Founded by Arizona territorial historian, poet, and writer Sharlot Hall in 1928, the museum will use the new center to house and exhibit its extensive archival collection.

The Western Heritage Center in Billings, Montana, has scheduled a variety of exhibits this fall: paintings by the cowboy artist and author Will James, rodeo photographs by John Stryker, paintings of Alfred Jacob Miller, lithographs of Currier and Ives, and Billings Tombstone Rubbings.

In conjunction with the National Archives, **San Jose State University** is planning a one-day conference on **West Coast Maritime History** to be held in 1980 on November 8. The History Department at the University is inviting submission of papers relating to the theme "Passage to the Promised Land: The Role of Shipping in Pacific Coast Development, 1849–1939." Persons with papers on related topics should submit them before May 1, 1980, to: Program Committee, Maritime History Conference, History Department, San Jose State University, San Jose, California 95192.

Five sites which illustrate America's natural heritage have been designated **National Natural Landmarks** by the Secretary of the Interior: Virginia Coast Reserve, **Virginia;** Francis Beidler Forest and Stevens Creek Natural Area, both in **South Carolina;** Big Basin Preserve, **Kansas;** and Indian Springs Trace Fossil Site, **Colorado.**

The Palace of the Governors, a state history museum in Santa Fe, New Mexico, has opened a new permanent exhibit on **"The Rio Grande World,"** tracing cultural growth in the northern Rio Grande Valley from 10,000 B.C. to A.D. 1600.

"Masterpieces of the Peabody Museum" can be seen through late 1979 at the **Peabody Museum of Harvard University,** Cambridge, Massachusetts. The exhibit features an extraordinary collection of **Mimbres Indian art,** including a classic Mimbres bowl dating from the eleventh century.

The thirty-third Annual Meeting and Preservation **Conference of the National Trust for Historic Preservation** will be held October 3–7 at the Fairmont Hotel in **San Francisco.** To emphasize protection of both natural and historical heritage, the theme will be "Preservation and Conservation in Partnership." Information is available from the Trust's western regional office at 681 Market Street, San Francisco. **AW**

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 50)

Guide to American Historical Manuscripts in the Huntington Library *(Huntington Library, San Marino, California, 1979; 442 pp., index, $25.00).*

For the first time, a comprehensive description of the Huntington Library's extensive holdings in American historical manuscripts is available. Arranged alphabetically by the name of the central figure of each collection (some four hundred are listed), the volume has a convenient index which affords cross-references both by name and subject.

Ancient Modocs of California and Oregon *by Carrol B. Howe (Binford & Mort, Portland, Oregon, 1979; 250 pp., illus., maps, sources, appen., index, $9.50).*

Abounding in facts and illustrations of artifacts, this story of the Modocs shows how adaptations in shelter, weapons, and food helped ensure their survival over a period of twelve to fifteen thousand years.

Charcoal's World *by Hugh A. Dempsey (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1979; 188 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, tentative prices: $10.95 cloth, $2.95 paper).*

First published in Canada in 1978, this biography explores the spiritual world of a Canadian Blood Indian. The University of Nebraska Press has now obtained U.S. rights to the work and will take orders from U.S. purchasers. (See review in *The American West* of May/June 1979.)

Crazy Horse Called Them Walk-A-Heaps *by Neil Baird Thompson (North Star Press, Saint Cloud, Minnesota, 1979; 150 pp., illus., map, biblio., notes, index, $9.95).*

Historian Thompson considers the prairie Indian wars of the last half of the nineteenth century from the point of view of the foot soldier in the regular U.S. army.

The Arts of Beauty *by Madame Lola Montez (Ecco Press, New York, 1978; 111 pp., index, $8.00).*

The famous Irish beauty Lola Montez captured the hearts of westerners at mid-nineteenth century. This charming and often humorous little volume offers her advice on many aspects of feminine beauty, from "Hair as an Ornament" to "A Beautiful Foot and Ankle."

K.C.: A History of Kansas City, Missouri *by A. Theodore Brown and Lyle W. Dorsett (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1978; 303 pp., illus., references, index, $13.50).*

Covering the early 1800s to the present, the authors present the successes and challenges experienced by Kansas City in its development from frontier town to progressive community.

The Menominee Indians: A History by Patricia K. Ourada *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 274 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $14.95).*

This is a first history of the Menominees, a northern Wisconsin group slated for termination in the 1950s who successfully resisted the loss of their tribal status.

Old Yellowstone Days *edited by Paul Schullery (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1979; 250 pp., intro., illus., map, biblio., notes, $12.50 cloth, $5.95 paper).*

Focusing on Yellowstone at the end of the nineteenth century, this interesting book offers impressions of the Park by such recorded famous visitors as Rudyard Kipling, Frederic Remington, John Muir, Theodore Roosevelt, and Owen Wister.

Hispanic Culture in the Southwest *by Arthur L. Campa (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 316 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $25.00).*

Profusely illustrated, this "folk journey" through the American Southwest describes the cultural contributions and conflicts of the various groups who have inhabited that area over the centuries. The late author spent more than fifty years in research on this work, becoming personally involved in the customs, traditions, and music of the Hispanic peoples.

The Early Days in Jackson Hole *by Virginia Huidekoper (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1979; 131 pp., illus., notes, sources, $15.00 cloth, $7.95 paper).*

In a beautiful book of more than one hundred duotone photographs, the author has assembled scenes of life in Jackson Hole and the Tetons fifty to a hundred years ago. The text is limited; pictures tell the story. **AW**

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KENNECOTT

(Continued from page 15)

the syndicate negotiated an option with an illegally formed coal company in Alaska. The president of the company happened to be a friend and a former client of Secretary of Interior Richard A. Ballinger. The Agriculture Department's tireless conservationist, Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, used that negotiation and other actions as a basis to attack Ballinger. This open assault prompted President William Howard Taft to fire the chief forester. However, Theodore Roosevelt sided with Pinchot; this controversy was one of the factors that led the former president to challenge Taft in the election of 1912. The Republican party split, and the election went to Democrat Wooodrow Wilson. In the end, a congressional investigation cleared Ballinger, the coal claims were invalidated, and the syndicate lost its option on cheap Alaska coal.

Meanwhile, the Kennecott mines began operation and within four years reported more than $8 million in operating profits. Yet the partnership as a business entity was archaic and cumbersome. In 1915, with high copper prices encouraging a stock market boom, the syndicate was restructured to become the Kennecott Copper Corporation.

Between 1915 and 1938, aggressive and innovative managers expanded production, constructed new buildings, designed the copper industry's first ammonia-leaching plant, and added other technological improvements that increased the recovery of copper to 96 percent. These improvements, coupled with a desperate need for brass during World War I, shot Kennecott's production and profits upward. But world war also created a labor shortage, which provoked the first and only strike at the Alaska mines. The miners wanted stable wages and improved working conditions. The corporation objected, and stalemate followed. Because of the wartime need for copper, a government arbitrator settled the strike after forty-five days. The miners got a new bunkhouse, mess hall, and even a recreation hall, but their wages remained linked to the price of copper. To forestall other such disruptive events, the corporation required each worker to pledge never to join a union.

After the strike of 1917, Kennecott workers enjoyed weekly entertainment in the new recreation hall. They viewed motion pictures, played pool, billiards, and cards, and enjoyed exchange-dances with the nearby town of McCarthy. During the winter a lighted skating rink encouraged carnivals, hockey games, and skating contests. In the summer the corporation sponsored a baseball team. A school and two teachers provided instruction for the town's few children. Although a dentist and Episcopal minister came once a month, the company had its own hospital, doctor, and nursing staff. Several times a week, the railroad brought supplies and mail to the corporation's store and post office.

After the war Kennecott suffered a slump followed by a brief boom. Then the Great Depression closed the mines until 1933, when the government guarteed a low but stable price for copper. The Kennecott mines, however, began to decline. No new ore deposits were found, and the small, rich deposits were exhausted. In 1938, even as World War II approached, the great mines were closed and the railroad abandoned.

As bridges washed out and landslides buried the railroad grade, Kennecott became inaccessible. The corporation contracted a salvage operator to raze the buildings in exchange for a quit-claim deed to the surface estate. He demolished only three buildings and removed the roof from the concentrator. The property passed through several owners until it went to the Great Kennecott Land Company, which has subdivided the area and sold all the buildings, except the office, concentrator, hospital, and leaching plant. The owners of these structures may hope to serve visitors to the newly created Wrangell-Saint Elias National Monument.

Yet those who visit Kennecott today know little of its history or significance. Fascination with abandoned technology stimulates their interest. While countless tools, parts, and machinery lie scattered around the grounds, the thirteen-level concentrator stands with its jig tables still operable, the hospital with its patients' charts piled on tables, and the power plant with its massive engines ready to grind into action. No imagination is needed—the past lives. **AW**

Kennecott is private property. Inquiries should be addressed to the Great Kennecott Land Company, 2606 C Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.

Melody Webb Grauman *is a historian with the National Park Service at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. Her writings reflect her chief interest, the history of Alaska and the American West.*

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WESTERN GEOLOGICAL EXPLORATION

(Continued from page 13)

Marsh particularly disliked Hayden because of Gardner's threatening letter to Yale in 1874 and because the Hayden survey sponsored the work of his hated paleontological rival Edward Drinker Cope. (Even then, Marsh and Cope were raiding one another's dinosaur finds in Wyoming and competing for priority in naming and describing new species. Their differences eventually hit the public prints when Marsh hijacked Cope's trainload of fossil bones, took them to Yale, and proved that Cope had described a dinosaur upside down.) The Academy committee that Marsh appointed reflected these friendships and animosities. Only one military man was represented and no one known to be friendly with Hayden. On the contrary, one member of the committee, Alexander Agassiz, was a silent partner with King in a large ranch venture near Cheyenne, Wyoming. And for good measure, Congressman Hewitt, who had called for the advice of the Academy in the first place, was a partner with King in at least three important, western, ranch ventures. Given the agribusiness outlook on both the Appropriations Committee and the National Academy Committee, Powell's *Report on the Arid Lands* calling for large ranching grants takes on something more than the character of a straightforward, scientific report, great document that it was. Clearly with tremendous Washington support marshalled against them, including the members of Powell's newly formed scientific social circle, the Cosmos Club, Wheeler and Hayden had no chance.

Powell seized the initiative at every hand. In November of 1878 he sent the Academy a sweeping series of recommendations that in effect called for the abolition of the Wheeler and Hayden surveys and the Public Land Office as well. These were to be replaced by a United States Coast and Interior Survey for geodetic work, and a United States Geological Survey, both under the Department of the Interior. He also called for a special commission to reorganize the survey and distribution of the public domain. In the spirit of Grant at Shiloh, after fighting for the life of his survey, Powell was now attacking with all his forces. Powell's recommendation reached the floor of Congress on February 10, 1879, with the endorsement of President Hayes. It was defeated by the western bloc in Congress, who strongly objected to interference by the Washington scientific lobby in the parcelling out of lands in their local districts and states. Hewitt, however, managed to salvage most of the bill by having it transferred to a joint committee of the House and Senate, where it emerged as part of the Sundry Civil Expense Bill and easily passed both houses. Thus the United States Geological Survey came into being thanks to Powell, King, Newberry, Marsh, the National Academy of Sciences, and no little political legerdemain on the part of King's silent partner, Abram Hewitt.

In retrospect, the selection of the first director of the new Geological Survey was easier than it looked at the time.

Hayden made a run for it, depending for support upon western congressmen, the business community, and the large public following who admired Jackson's photos and Moran's paintings. Powell and King worked furiously behind the scenes marshalling support from the leading colleges and learned societies. But really all it took was a visit to President Hayes by Marsh and William Henry Brewer of Yale, and Hayes's old friend John Strong Newberry of Ohio. Hayes appointed King the first director of the United States Geological Survey.

KING almost immediately turned the Survey towards mining. He organized four districts: one under Samuel F. Emmons in Leadville and later Denver, another under Dutton on the Colorado Plateau, a third in the Great Basin where Gilbert worked on a study of Lake Bonneville and Arnold Hague examined the Eureka Mining District, and a fourth under G. F. Becker who restudied the Comstock Lode. King bothered not at all about the sensitive question of surveying, mapping, and classifying the western domain, but he did establish a laboratory in the East, the basic structure for carrying the Survey across the Mississippi, and an annual statistical census, the *Mineral Resources of the United States*. His was definitely a business-oriented Survey, though the able men under his command, Emmons, Hague, Gilbert, Becker, and Dutton produced some of the most important theoretical studies of the entire century. Gilbert's *Lake Bonneville*, Dutton's *Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District*, and Emmons's *Leadville, Colorado* (sometimes known as "The Miners' Bible") in particular have held up as classics.

Then, in 1880, King abruptly resigned. Unknown to most, he had a conflict of interest and a genuine lust for wealth. By the terms of his appointment, he could have no "pecuniary interest" in any lands under his jurisdiction. What was he to do? He owned parts of three large ranches and many mining interests; so, he gave up the Survey after his long and brilliant struggle. He would spend the rest of his life in the tragic pursuit of wealth as a mining speculator and consultant, acting out the alternate charades of a clandestine marriage to a black woman in Brooklyn and the bon vivant at the elite clubs of New York and San Francisco. He died in poverty of tuberculosis in Arizona

Powell followed King as director of the Survey and from the outset greatly broadened its activities in the general direction of reform. Somewhat oblivious to the mining industry, Powell was mainly concerned with reform of the land system and settlement patterns, but he proceeded on many fronts at once. He merged the Bureau of American Ethnology, of which he was chief, with the Geological Survey; he greatly expanded the staff, placed Othniel Charles Marsh in charge of paleontology, set Gilbert to work on irrigation and water-flow studies, established a chemistry laboratory in Washington under Becker, and commenced to map the entire West and eventually the nation. In addition, he attempted to work closely with the numerous state geological surveys that were springing to new life all over the nation. By 1882 he had underway a national topographic map of the United States with parties already at work in the South as well as the West. On top of all this, his best men continued theoretical studies—Dutton on volcanoes, Gilbert on the physics of geology and the geology of the moon, WJ McGee and T. C. Chamberlain on glaciation. Such empire-building, such expensive, widely varied, and often esoteric work worried Congress, and in 1884 Powell was ordered to explain his direction of the Survey to the Allison Commission, which was studying efficiency in government. With his tremendous command of facts and his great presence before congressional committees, Powell, not without difficulties with the Cleveland Democrats, convinced the Allison Commission that his activities were in the national interest. He had created a vast cooperative scientific research bureau—a far cry from the days of the rugged individual explorer at the head of a survey, of which Powell seemed to be the only surviving member. Perhaps Powell's persistent ruggedness was what insured the permanence of the Survey as it emerged from the Allison Commission hearings.

By 1888, Powell was soaring higher than ever. The summer of 1887 had brought extreme drought in the West, and Powell seized this opportunity to secure the backing of powerful Senator William Stewart of Nevada for a comprehensive irrigation and water resource survey of the West. The bill, passed in 1888, authorized the Survey to map all possible reservoir, catch basin, and dam sites in the West. Stewart and the western representatives expected quick results. They wished to use the Survey to prospect for water in an effort to gain immediate relief for their constituents. Instead, Powell planned a long-range project that would span a generation. Moreover, a provision in the bill prevented the Public Land Office from issuing land grants to settlers until Powell finished his work. Powell himself was unaware of the provision, but nonetheless in 1889, with President Harrison's approval, the Land Office began cancelling grants from the previous year and holding up all future movement into the West. Stewart and virtually all western congressmen were furious, and in 1890 they retaliated. The Survey budget was cut drastically, and cut further each year after that as long as Powell remained director. Some of his loyal men continued their duties at no pay, or *con amore* as Powell put it, but it was obvious that the Major had to resign for the good of the Survey, which he did in 1894. So ended the Survey's direct role in national land-reform policy. So ended Powell's career as a power in the world of geology. And so ended the "Heroic Age" of American geological surveys.

UNDER CHARLES D. WALCOTT, Powell's friend and successor, the Survey grew dramatically. In 1901 its budget reached $1 million, ten times the original budget of the Survey and nearly three times Powell's final budget. Congress was obviously pleased with Walcott and the Survey's expanding service to the nation. Under his directorship the Survey concentrated on the search for mineral resources. The Alaskan gold rush of 1895 dramatized the need, and by 1900, Walcott, at the behest of Congress,

established a Division of Mining and Mineral Resources. He also, however, accelerated the irrigation surveys to such an extent that in 1902 a special Hydrographic Branch was added to the Survey along with the newly-created Reclamation Service, the brainchild of Senator Francis Newlands. The Survey also began to map the forest reserves of the nation, and in 1897 sent a geologist to Nicaragua to study a proposed Isthmian canal route. Walcott was clearly the beneficiary of Theodore Roosevelt's progressive era enthusiasms.

When Walcott resigned to become Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in 1907, his successor, George Otis Smith, who would serve as director from 1907 to 1930, continued Walcott's policy of stressing "practical geology." It was an age of pragmatism in the public philosophy and applied science in the service of the nation. Some, however, argued that theoretical studies had just as much practical value as applied science. In 1912 the geologist C. R. Van Hise, a Wisconsin progressive, complained that the Survey was not "contributing in any large way to the advancement of science." In the days of King and Powell, he declared, the Survey had been "the center of the world" for the advancement of science. And Professor Thomas Manning has more recently confirmed this assessment of the Survey's "Heroic Age." He declared, "The Geological Survey was the leading scientific bureau of the post–Civil War period and was the government's most productive research agency during the nineteenth century." He added, the Survey "had the advantage of a dual organization, wielding the power of the government bureau, yet enjoying the freedom of the scientific society. It used this advantage to make geology and paleontology the primary research sciences in the United States after 1865."

Today the Geological Survey has grown into an enormous agency with worldwide and even planetary concerns. Its scientists, cooperating with agencies like the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Survey, operate at a level of sophistication that King and Powell could not have imagined. The twentieth century revolution in physics, which Gilbert's work foreshadowed, has greatly changed the interests of the research geologist. New technology, from seismography to satellite mapping, has transformed the daily work of the Survey, and the computer has speeded it up. A National Cartographic Information Center now disseminates upon request everything from conventional charts to digital map data and space imagery. New concepts, like the theory of plate tectonics, again stemming from Gilbert's early work, have changed the ways in which geologists look at the earth. And new public demands have greatly enlarged the tasks of the Survey. Even as the first *National Atlas* in the nation's history was completed in 1970, it had already become obsolete, and when the national map of the United States (Powell's favorite project) is at last completed in the 1980s, it, too, will be obsolete, even with the new data supplied by satellite-produced ERTS maps.

With world food production, water resources, conservation, and environmental concerns generating a crescendo of interest, the Survey must concern itself with new categories of land classification, supervision of mineral leases on federal lands, environmental-impact studies, new studies of fault-lines and earthquake belts in relation to urban expansion, nuclear power plants, and offshore oil wells, at the same time that it aids in the search for scarce energy resources in cooperation with the infant Department of Energy. The immense Alaskan oil and gas discoveries have taken the Survey to a new Arctic frontier and into the deserts, jungles, and mountains of underdeveloped countries around the world in a global assistance program that has even rediscovered the fabled King Solomon's Mines in Arabia between Mecca and Medina. Even the geology of the moon and the planets, once the subject of ribald humor among Gilded Age congressmen, has come to seem extremely relevant to life on this planet and certainly to the success of the moon landings and other space ventures to Mars and Venus. In short, the Survey has built on the base designed by King and Powell—it still carries out virtually every task generated in that era, with the exception of overt policy-making—though today it is a modern agency of more than twenty thousand people, geared to teamwork and integrated into a massive system. There are few identifiable individual heroes. But within the corridors and laboratories and offices of the enormous complexes at Reston and Denver, at Rolla, Missouri, and Menlo Park, inevitably one will find quiet heroes—countless Walter Mittys who see themselves as latter-day Powells or Kings or Haydens or Gilberts. The year 1979 is the centennial of the Survey. In a way this centennial is for all those Mittys, and for the American public who support them. A grand tradition dies hard. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The major works on the heroic age of the Geological Survey are Wallace Stegner, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* (1954); Richard Bartlett, *Great Surveys of the American West* (1962); and William H. Goetzmann, *Exploration and Empire: The Explorer and the Scientist in the Winning of the American West* (1966). Bartlett's work focuses exclusively upon the four Great Surveys. Goetzmann sees the Surveys as part of a much larger panorama of western exploration. He also sees the California State Geological Survey as comparable in scope to the federal surveys. Stegner's work is primarily a biography of John Wesley Powell, somewhat uncritically accepting Powell's point of view on every issue. Two useful antidotes to this are Thurman Wilkins, *Clarence King* (1958), a well-written biography; and Mary C. Rabbitt, *Minerals, Lands, and Geology for the Common Defence and General Welfare* (1979). Rabbitt's book is a sweeping and detailed survey of the history of American geology to 1879, but in chapter 17 she devotes considerable attention to the formation of the United States Geological Survey, casting King as the primary mover in the formation of the Survey rather than Powell. Thomas Manning, *Government in Science: the U.S. Geological Survey, 1867–1894* (1967) carries the story down into the twentieth century. It is a well-written institutional history. I am indebted to this work for C. R. Van Hise's statement in 1912 and for Manning's own assessment of the Geological Survey.

William H. Goetzmann *is director of the American Studies Program at the University of Texas in Austin. He was awarded the 1967 Pulitzer Prize in history for* Exploration and Empire: The Explorer and the Scientist in the Winning of the American West.

THE GIFT OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 19)

Talking opens up our collective memory, which works something like this: We remember the events of our own life, going back to when we were three or four. For some, that's a long, long time back witnessing world wars, depression, the whole map and landscape changing. But our collective memory doesn't stop there. Among those events were shared memories with parents and grandparents, just like Chester's. Those memories become part of ours. This ability to adopt the memories of others, to make them our own, is what binds us to family we've never known, could not possibly have known. There's a bit of fascination in Ray's surprise over what he remembers. That's the magic of his collective memory coming through. And that's what, in the relaxed intimacy of sharing one's life with children, captivates them in a way few things can.

So, unconsciously we acquire the memories of others. We recall events of our parents' lives (a generation back), the lives of our grandparents (four more lives two generations back) and, when we were very young the lives of our great-grandparents as well (eight more lives three generations back). In the old days, one generation after another might pass through life in the same small town or city neighborhood. Thus, the likelihood of a collective memory surviving becomes even greater, its imagery richer. Time after time we still hear oldsters remark how they were born and raised in the same town or even the same house as parents and grandparents. Annie Michaels recalls: "I was born right across the street from where I'm living now, in 1890." And I attended the same elementary and high schools in Chicago, had some of the same teachers as my father, living in a neighborhood not far from the streets of his youth. We're beginning to realize how close our lives really are.

The possibilities of collective memory become even more enchanting when we realize how young a nation we are. We've heard that, probably in some classroom. But do we realize what it means? The fact is that, even today, there are collective memories extending back to span almost the entire history of the United States. Depending on your definition of a "generation," our history as an independent nation reaches across five or six, or fewer. Just a few years ago I was swapping family history with a long-time Californian. He was in his sixties then. He remembers, from his childhood, the opening of the Panama Canal and how, later, he often sailed that passage as a young seaman. Then he began going back further, into his collective memories. He recalled that on one occasion his great-grandfather reached back into his memory and drew out for the boy on his lap the death of George III of England. That was the George III of the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution! Here I was, talking to a man whose collective memory included the death of America's last king. That's not as unusual as it may seem. In 1972, at the age of 103, Callie Thompson casually recorded these comments for her children and grandchildren: "I was born in 1869, the 14th of September, in Nebraska near Lincoln. I moved to California when I was a year old. . . . My mother was born in 1839 and my father in 1835." Thelma Sawyers, who remembers her grandfather's stories of crossing the plains, remarked, "My great-grandfather was born in 1799. He came to Willits in 1858." Callie Thompson's and Thelma Sawyers' families, then, span the years between the Revolution and the Bicentennial in about four generations!

Think, now, what you have to share with your own children. If you are about forty years old, then your parents, born about 1910, have childhood memories of World War I, were teenagers throughout Prohibition and the Depression, and lived World War II.

Your grandparents, born about 1880, remember the New Year's Day that began this century, the first radios, automobiles and aeroplanes, they may be veterans of World War I, or, more likely, the Spanish-American War, and probably read Jack London's *Call of the Wild* the year it appeared. Their recollections of the first railroad locomotive they ever saw and heard will be as vivid as Ethel Docker's.

In 1888, November 2, the railroad tracks extending from Cloverdale to Ukiah were completed. I remember it well. We are gathered in my grandmother's back yard, which was about three blocks from the tracks, and watched the arrival of the first steam train. The whistle blew and the bell clanged and the horrible big monster pulled in. Now most everyone there had never seen such a contraption, so you can imagine what an excitement it made. We walked down to the depot and were all invited to take a ride on the flat cars as far as a place called Largo, which was about ten miles south of Ukiah. Most everyone went.

Your great-grandparents, born about 1850, may have told your parents about Abraham Lincoln, the Civil War, the day your great-grandmother marched with Susan B. Anthony and how she played on that old piano in the parlor the latest sonatas of Johannes Brahms to arrive in America.

Your great-great-grandparents . . . well, you see what's happening. You see what an adventure it is to travel back through the collective experiences and memories of the family. It's more far-reaching than you thought. And it's easier to reach too. If you are beginning to feel some insistence, twinges of fear that there isn't time to get it all, that's very natural. The sudden realization of what there is in our memory is often followed by the sad thought of just how suddenly it can all disappear.

RECALLING YESTERDAY'S WEST

My father came across the plains, and so did my mother. Mother told us how the country was. . . . Their trip across from Missouri to California was very hazardous. The

Indians had killed a lot of people. My mother was telling me how the horses would grow so tired from pulling these [wagons]—well, they were living quarters really. In those big wagons like they were using you get jolted around. She said one time she and another young woman were walking ahead of the train. They would walk, see, faster because the train moved very slowly. She said the trainmaster—the man that kept watch and went ahead of the wagon train to see what was ahead—came after them and said, "You two get back there." He says, "There's a big wolf following you." And there really was. That shows you what they went through.

For those of us who have roots in the West, the reach of history seems so much shorter. Family who came just two or three generations ago, like Elizabeth Scholl's mother and father, could tell almost the whole story of California. The Gold Rush, the coming of the railroad, the whole westward movement and the closing of the frontier happened not so long ago that they can't be recalled. Elizabeth's memories of her mother's experiences include such a wealth of detail: the food they ate, what happened when a wagon broke down, how they crossed rivers, the fear of Indian attacks. Today's children are still enthralled by tales of the old West. Every generation seems to produce a revered medium through which come exciting stories of days on the frontier. For what their grandparents and parents sought in Bret Harte and Zane Grey, this generation turns to the books of Laura Ingalls Wilder and Louis L'Amour. Yet, if you stop to think about it, many of them have grandparents and great-grandparents who can tell exciting stories too. What's more, they will be experiencing first hand the adventures of men and women who, as children or somewhere in a memory, were really there. Think, too, of being able to ask questions, like what was it like coming around the Horn? Thorwald Olesen can tell us.

I came out to San Francisco in 1897 in the British four-master bark Glencaird. *They kept the steam up and allowed the men to dry their clothes in the donkey room when we were rounding Cape Horn. The captain also allowed the watch on deck to stay in there, except the lookout. We were four months and ten days from Liverpool that trip—left Liverpool on Christmas eve and arrived at San Francisco on the first of May, '97. The pilot was aboard and we sailed the ship right through the Golden Gate, arriving about eight o'clock in the morning. At the end of 1898 I shipped out on the* Laguna. *We ran up to Bear Harbor for tanbark to Benecia.*

Did you have to go around the Horn? Aileen Schaeffer remembers another way, partly overland.

My grandfather was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1818. He came to America in 1853 and a year later came to California via Panama. He first went to the gold mines and mined gold.

And what was it like to leave the place you lived all your life to come here? Joe Scaramella remembers a day in his childhood. His father had gone ahead of them to California. Now, in March, 1906, he called for his wife and children.

My mother was a simple peasant woman who had but two devotions—the family and the church. She had not been outside her community before. . . . I don't think she'd been away twenty miles either way because there were only two ways you could go. That would be up the valley and down the valley because on either side of the valley there were the sheer, craggy precipices of the Swiss Alps. Finally, when the day came, which was a blustery March day, my mother was torn by the emotion of leaving her home, country, her hometown, her relatives, her friends, and embarking on a mission to she knew not where.

The train took them from Switzerland to Milan to Le Havre. A long voyage to Ellis Island was followed by another train ride to San Francisco, via New Orleans. Joe and his brother, "togged out like a couple of little Lord Fauntleroys . . . and a little round beret with a white tassel on top," their mother and father were finally reunited in San Francisco, two days before the earthquake.

SOME VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE

Chester Mack, Ray Scammon, James O'Donnell, C. J. Mathison, Annie Michaels, Callie Thompson, Thelma Sawyers, Ethel Docker, Elizabeth Scholl, Thorwald Olesen, Aileen Schaeffer and Joe Scaramella are all historians. Their recorded reminiscences, along with others, are now part of an oral history collection assembled by the Mendocino County American Bicentennial History Project. But don't try to place their names. None of them has the historian's academic training. Most of them made it through elementary school. Elizabeth and Callie took the county examination and started teaching at seventeen. Ethel was known as a painter of Indians and redwoods. But they weren't what you'd call worldly people. "We didn't travel," Annie admits. "The train was the furthest we got, sitting on a pile of logs. People pretty much stayed at home." Ray speaks for most of them when he says of himself: "If you searched this country from border to border you wouldn't find fifty people who have ever heard of me! I've never done anything. I'm just an ordinary Bohunk that happens to have lived a long time." But, here, we'll have to disagree with Ray. They're all country people, true. And none of them has achieved real fame. But they're very special to a lot of people who remember them as grandma and grandpa, or auntie and uncle or the old friend who comes by now and then to share talk of the weather and wildflowers, a new batch of preserves and life in the old West as it was way back when. **AW**

David Weitzman *is the author of* Underfoot: An Everyday Guide to Exploring the American Past *and several other books suggesting ways for adults and children to explore their family and community history together.*

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